

The Nation.

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EDITORIAL

TELEVISION TAKEOVER

NBC, CBS and CNN are in high dudgeon because ABC claims the exclusive right to televise portions of the Liberty Weekend ceremonies in New York City. "They practically want to put the ABC logo on the Statue of Liberty, for God's sake," said a rival network executive.

ABC's David Wolper, the producer of the Independence Day weekend extravaganza and the genius who thought up the idea of having the President award a "Medal of Liberty" to twelve distinguished naturalized citizens, defends his monopoly on some of the festivities by saying they're entertainment, not news. Besides, ABC paid Lee Iacocca's Statue of Liberty-Ellis Island Foundation \$10 million for the right to Liberty and the pursuit of ratings.

As the publication that broke the story of the corporate takeover of the restoration effort [see Roberta Brandes Gratz and Eric Fetschmann, "The Selling of Miss Liberty," November 9, 1985], we deplore any degrading commercialization of Miss L., but we must reluctantly concede that Wolper has a point.

The activities taking place over Liberty Weekend, including the cameos by the President and the Chief Justice, are pseudo-events, staged for the media. As the Great Communicator himself once put it, ABC paid for this mike, so it should have first crack at televising the show. The real question for electronic journalists in an era of photo opportunities, orchestrated presidential appearances and media consultants is, When is the news they show *not* entertainment?

If the networks want to cover some real news on July 4, they should tell the story of the ill ship Esmeralda, used by the Pinochet government in Chile as a floating torture chamber in 1973. Or, for a television first, provide in-depth coverage of the tired, the poor, the homeless, the wretched refuse.

INSIDE NAMIBIA

Louis
Freedberg

SATURN IN TENNESSEE

Anthony
Borden

SPAIN'S ELECTIONS

Gabriel
Jackson

WAGES OF SIN

Terrence
Rafferty

MYSTERIES OF DÜRER

Arthur C.
Danto

WHO NEEDS IT?

THE BINARY NERVE GAS SHELL GAME

LENNY FLANK JR.

After sitting on the legislative back burner, the issue of whether the United States should manufacture a new generation of nerve gas bombs and shells has boiled up again. Last month defense ministers of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization endorsed U.S. plans to add nerve gas to the alliance arsenal, thus, according to the Reagan Administration, fulfilling the condition of NATO acceptance that Congress had set before it would appropriate money for manufacturing the weapons. Congressional opponents, however, say that the defense ministers' action does not meet that condition. One thing is sure, the nerve gas controversy is far from settled. (Last week a group of legislators released a General Accounting Office report that criticized Pentagon testing of a key delivery system for the gas, the Bigeye bomb.)

In the five years of President Reagan's Administration the United States has carried out the largest expansion of the chemical warfare program since the cold war began, and in October it is scheduled to end a seventeen-year moratorium on chemical weapons production.

In 1969, in the face of rising criticism about the American use of chemicals in Vietnam, President Nixon declared a moratorium on the production of lethal chemicals and unilaterally renounced the use of biological warfare. That moratorium was respected by the Ford and Carter Administrations but was quickly repudiated when Reagan took office in 1981.

The following year the Pentagon, with Administration support, requested \$54 million to begin production of binary nerve gas weapons.

(Continued on Page 858)

LETTERS.

SCIENCE FICTION WARS

Hartford

I wish to compliment Thomas M. Disch on his exceptionally acute review of the role contemporary science fiction plays in the militarization of space ["The Road to Heaven: Science Fiction and the Militarization of Space," May 10]. I share Disch's dismay with the current (and apparently prevailing) hawkish and ultraright ideology that now seems partially embedded in the genre. He is absolutely correct in his analysis of the work of Robert Heinlein and Jerry Pournelle, but he forgot to mention the more rabid nonsense of Ben Bova, another quasi-official space advocate, whose recent *Privateers* must surely mark the nadir of this form of fiction. Russians dominate the world and space. Ecosynps have crippled America. Only a capitalist entrepreneur, forced out of the United States in a fit of feminine pique by an ineffectual woman President, will rescue the stars for free enterprise. Truly this is sad and disturbing stuff.

Disch and other readers of *The Nation* may be interested to know that on May 5, I posted a notice of his article on the Byte Information Exchange (BIX), a national computer network operated by McGraw-Hill. I stated merely that the essay was "perceptive," and I urged members of the "Bookery" conference to have a look at it. Pournelle, who has his own space on BIX, responded within a few hours with an ad hominem attack against Disch. He did not, however, address the substantive issues of the essay and, judging from other confrontations with Pournelle, I did not think he would. I was wrong. On May 6 he offered a few paragraphs deriding Disch's review as a bundle of errors and misquotations. I corresponded with Pournelle on BIX seeking clarification, and at the same time informed him that I had written a letter to *The Nation* in support of the article. I expressed concern over factual inaccuracy, but Pournelle seemed to relish my discomfort. I asked for permission to represent his argument in a second letter, and his response was, "You'll have to do what you like." The following, then, is taken from a written exchange between Pournelle and myself:

There are Cubans in *Janniseres*; they're in Africa, where the group that goes to Tran is engaged; a flying saucer picks them up and they are taken to a medieval world where there are certainly no Cubans. Nor is the book set in the far future. It's clear Disch didn't read the book at all. It didn't surprise me.

I have no fans with toy guns. [Another SF writer] does.

I have lived in Seattle for many years, but left in 1964, and have never been to an SF convention there.

I have no special uniforms other

than BSA [Boy Scouts of America].

I could go on, but to what point?

Perhaps Disch could respond to these charges of misrepresentation. I do not believe that Pournelle has successfully challenged the gist of the essay. This exchange suggests that Disch has, instead, struck rather close to home. On the other hand, it is important to set the record straight. Still, I congratulate the author on a fine example of conscious criticism, which I believe stands quite independent of the personalities involved.

Chandos Brown

PUTTING AWAY CHILDISH THINGS

New York City

Although Thomas M. Disch briefly acknowledges it, it's worth emphasizing that science fiction writers and readers are by no means unified in worshipful support of NASA or S.D.I. Serious science fiction has long suffered from a "worst foot forward" syndrome; in decades past, to most literate minds, SF was Buck Rogers and bad monster movies, and thus books that deserved a liberal audience went unread. Today Disch brings SF to the attention of *The Nation's* readers only to leave them with the impression that the field is dominated by crypto-fascist propagandists like Jerry Pournelle and their toy-gun-toting adherents at SF conventions. Clearly, Disch's aim is to demonstrate the extent to which S.D.I. is rooted in the neotenic imaginations of writers like Pournelle. This is a useful point. But, in the process, I fear the main effect of his polemic will yet again be to reassure the intelligentsia that they've been right to ignore SF all along.

No "faith in mankind's destiny as explorer and colonizer of outer space" is inherent in SF; rather, the field's discourse is centrally concerned with the need to sort out what is and is not socially and technologically determined in the human condition. Much of the popular appeal of the right's technological agenda, and the relative intellectual ennui of the left, can be traced to the fact that many young thinkers on the right have effectively grasped the polemical power of this imaginative tool. It is not coincidental that Ronald Reagan is the first SF reader to occupy the Oval Office. What we need now are politicians and intellectuals who have absorbed the SF of Samuel R. Delany, Joanna Russ, Kim Stanley Robinson and, yes, Thomas M. Disch. We don't need another dismissal of all science fiction based solely on the personalities and politics of its most notable cranks.

Patrick Nielsen Hayden

DISCH REPLIES

New York City

I must thank Chandos Brown for championing me in his computer conference room, and for passing along Jerry Pournelle's objections to my article. It's gratifying to see that

Pournelle presents no substantive objections to my criticism. And I confess that he has me dead to rights on one thing: I didn't read all of his novel *Janniseres*, only as much as would confirm what the jacket of the book asserts—that the plot features "Cuban advisers and nationalist front native Marxists." The fact remains that Pournelle has a penchant for using the trappings of space opera to dramatize, and to oversimplify, cold war politics. My objective in pointing out this fact is not to deplore Pournelle's aim as a novelist but to alert readers who do not usually read SF to the often sinister ideological subtexts of much "hard-core" SF. I did read all of the novel *Oath of Fealty*, from a sense of sheer grim duty; however, since my object was not to review Pournelle's fiction qua fiction but to point out salient feature and subtexts, I did not feel obliged to master his oeuvre.

As to the matter of toy guns in Seattle, may indeed have got the city wrong. Perhaps it was at a convention elsewhere. But the cavil has brought to mind another good Pournelle story of how the author himself was using a ray gun at an SF convention. Pournelle, I'm told, would aim his gun at the crotches of other fans and then playfully say "Zap! You're sterile!" This continued till such time as one of his victims replied, "You kill it, you eat it." It may be, though, that Pournelle was using his fingers and not a toy gun.

As to the remarks of Patrick Nielsen Hayden, I certainly did not mean to tar all SF with the same brush. There is, indeed, a great deal of SF that liberals and literates can enjoy with a clear conscience, though often the authors of such works flinch from having them identified as SF (e.g., Margaret Atwood's *The Handmaid's Tale* and the equally vivid, if less well-publicized, dystopian novel by Fred Pfeil, *Goodman 2020*). I do think, however, that there has been an overall decline in the quality of most SF that is marketed as such, but to cite the reasons for that is beyond the compass of this response. What is distinctive about the SF of the 1980 is precisely a return to the Buck Rogers sensibility. Alas.

Thomas M. Disch

WHO CAN FORGET NELLIE NELSON

South Hadley, Mass.

Jon Weiner in "History Wars: Why the Right Is Losing in Academe" [May 24] states that the American Historical Association recently elected Natalie Zemon Davis "its first woman president." Professor Nellie Neilson of Mount Holyoke was elected its president in December 1943.

William S. McFeel
Mount Holyoke College
Department of History

The Nation welcomes letters—typed, double spaced and no longer than 300 words, please

CONTENTS.

Volume 242, Number 24

LETTERS

842

EDITORIALS

841 Television Takeover

843 Evil of Banality

844 Salvaging NASA

845 More Bhopals

Larry Everest

COLUMNS

346 Beat the Devil

Alexander Cockburn

348 Capitol Letter

Kai Bird and Max Holland

ARTICLES

341 Who Needs It?

The Binary Nerve Gas Shell Game

Lenny Flank Jr.

349 Inside Namibia:

Stirrings in a Forgotten Land

Louis Freedberg

852 Saturn's Hidden Costs:

G.M. Comes to Spring Hill

Anthony Borden

854 Spanish Elections:

Socialists—Front and Center

Gabriel Jackson

856 Journey Through Morazán:

The Lost People of La Joya

Jon Lee Anderson
and Lucia Annunziata

BOOKS & THE ARTS

860 Malone: Handling Sin

Terrence Rafferty

862 Brink: The Ambassador

Writing in a Stage of Siege

Fred Pfeil

864 Hazleton: Jerusalem, Jerusalem

Arthur Hertzberg

865 Art

Arthur C. Danto

866 A Guide to Forgetting (poem)

Jeffrey Skinner

Drawings by Kimberly Bulcken Root

ditor, Victor Navasky

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EDITORIALS.

Evil of Banality

There is no guarantee in a democracy that the people choose the wisest, smartest, most competent or even the most honest candidates to lead them. The yearly almanacs are replete with the names of soundrels, charlatans and liars elected to offices for which they were obviously ill suited. In some cases, elections have been won by aspirants with nothing to offer but a career in an inappropriate field: movie acting, say, or peanut farming. In this most blessed of republics, executive mansions at every level house figureheads and front men for forces that

dare not display themselves in public. National and state legislatures are hardly Sanhedrins of sages; they are political commodity exchanges where votes are traded to powerful interests for campaign contributions and electoral support. Look at the corporate and institutional exceptions allowed by the Senate last week in its tax reform package and you will see how principled legislators fulfill their public trust.

Kurt Waldheim seemed to be a run-of-the-mill candidate for high office in Austria, and his substantial victory in the presidential election last week should probably not be taken as an indication of a new horror about to explode on the world scene. There is a residue of Nazism in Austria, as there is elsewhere in Central and Eastern Europe. Wald-

heim's campaign contained some repulsive appeals to anti-Semitism and glorifications of the Third Reich, but by and large it was a standard conservative exercise of the type one sees all too often in Western democracies. We may look on the Austrian events with disgust and dismay, but we should not be shocked. As *Washington Post* columnist Richard Cohen wrote after the election, Waldheim's achievement reflects "the moral ambiguity of the people who elected him. . . . Never has the country been better represented." He might have added that moral ambiguity is not an exclusively Austrian product, like loden cloth or sacher tortes.

But if Waldheim's election expresses only the banality of democracy, the campaign to expose his Nazi past raises significant issues about the meaning of Nazi history. Both the indictment and the case against Waldheim were made primarily by the World Jewish Congress and were supported by Jews and Jewish institutions throughout the world. Various American officials expressed concern and interest in Waldheim, but the Reagan Administration clearly did not join the proceedings. Other countries acted no more courageously, and after his election only Israel moved to show its disapproval by withdrawing its ambassador. The United States all but declared the whole affair over and done with: let bygones be bygones, and Austria be Austria. And the Soviet Union took the opportunity to congratulate Austrians on the nobility of their choice for president.

That leaves the crucial matter of the persistence of Nazism solely in the hands of Jews, who were hardly its only victims and who should not be its only exorcists. Hitler and his allies had more than the final solution to the Jewish question on their twisted minds. Their development of an elaborate fascist ideology and their creation of political structures and military machines to spread it threatened human freedom and democratic organization throughout the world. The antifascist struggle that reached its peak in World War II was the noblest expression of the progressive spirit on a global scale in history. When the great coalition against Nazism was destroyed by the cold war the progressive ideal was largely lost. Those who kept up the good fight did so for reasons that, however justified, were often extraneous to the original spirit. Antifascism became just another way of bashing one's enemies.

By default, fascism became synonymous with anti-Semitism, which was only one element in the initial ideology. The Holocaust, as Cohen also pointed out in his column, became an exclusively Jewish tragedy. *Nazi-hunting was, for the most part, a Jewish activity, and events in Nazi history in which Jews did not figure prominently were left unresearched and unanalyzed. Robert Sherrill noted in his report on Arthur Rudolph, the Nazi rocket engineer who worked in Huntsville, Alabama, for almost four decades after World War II, that historians overlooked Rudolph's career as an overseer at the Dora slave labor camp because few Jews had been sent there [see "The Golden Years of an Ex-Nazi," *The Nation*, June 7]. The world overlooked Kurt Waldheim's record, and effectively continues to excuse it, because Nazism has become, forty years after World War II, a Jewish issue.

The degradation of the just war against fascism is depressingly apparent in the way everyone has used the Austrian election for their own purposes. The Russians are playing it against Israel as a way to score points with Arabs and Austrians. Israel has made it a signifier of its own legitimacy as a state of Holocaust survivors, the secular alternative to biblical Zionism. Some Europeans and many in the Middle East have used it to get more mileage out of their own anti-Semitism or anti-Zionism, whichever is more useful at the moment. American politicians, such as New York's voluble Mayor, Ed Koch, picked up on Waldheim to rouse their constituents out of late-spring ennui.

None of that is likely to raise much consciousness about the history and future of Nazism. It's too bad that a principled fight on a broad front was not waged—not in opposition to Waldheim's election, which was bound to stiffen resistance and increase his vote, but to advance the democratic ideals so glaringly absent from the first page of Waldheim's curriculum vitae. Many victims of fascism were unrepresented by his challengers, and many others could find themselves similarly situated. We may one day have need of another great campaign against the undefeated tyranny

Salvaging NASA

In a long season of spectacular technological failure the Challenger explosion was perhaps the most spectacular but hardly the greatest failure. Unlike the fire and resulting radiation at Chernobyl, the gas explosions in Mexico City and the release of methyl isocyanate in Bhopal, the space shuttle disaster was televised from beginning to end. The President addressed the nation within hours, the normal schedule of life was disrupted for days, and soon a presidential commission—the recognized symbol of national crisis—was appointed to analyze and explain the failure. Four months later the blue-ribbon panel of scientists, technocrats, political fixers and celebrities of high tech has issued a report that, in its outline, could have been predicted by anyone who watched the newscasts and read the papers in the week following the disaster. The O-ring leaked in the frosty Florida morning, the safety systems were faulty or unheeded, NASA and its corporate suppliers were overambitious in their plans and severely stressed by bureaucratic and political demands, and certain key figures were derelict in their duties. As a result, heads will roll (painlessly if possible), departments will be reorganized, new procedures will be adopted, and the temporarily lost "honor" of the space agency, in the words of NASA administrator James C. Fletcher, will be regained.

So that is the end of the Challenger affair. The experts have successfully managed the crisis so that the system of politics and technology remains intact; the terms of government and corporate responsibility remain unchanged. But what if the commission had run away, in the manner of some grand juries, and examined issues that lay outside its circumscribed mandate? What would be in its report?

First would be a consideration of the role of the political structure in dealing with the consequences of technology when they affect masses of people. Functionally, Union Carbide is as much a part of the American state as the Chernobyl nuclear enterprise is a part of the Soviet. The state, or in this case the empire, creates the favorable conditions under which Union Carbide can bring to Americans the benefits of its commercial endeavors. But President Reagan never went on television to reassure the world of American responsibility for the Bhopal massacre. Thousands died, and yet there is no presidential commission, no memorial services, no honor lost—or regained.

The runaway commission's report would then examine the question of technological priorities, reconcile the civilian and military applications of space science, look into the "selling" of space as a way to get public funds for NASA and its contractors and analyze the means by which political leaders exploit public technological programs for private political purposes. There might even be an unkind word for Star Wars. The report might run to several volumes, but it would be better reading than the obvious and unchallenged bromides that the Rogers commission ran off last week.

More Bhopals

The near-meltdown at the Chernobyl nuclear plant triggered widespread expressions of concern in the media and from the U.S. government about the international consequences of unsafe technology. Few protests were heard, however, when a Federal Court issued a decision that gives U.S. multinational corporations the freedom to deploy their factories overseas regardless of the hazards they pose to the people there.

On May 12, Judge John Keenan dismissed the billions of dollars in lawsuits filed against Union Carbide by victims of the Bhopal catastrophe and remanded them to India. Praised by *The New York Times* as "ingenious" and "Solononic," the decision claimed respect for the rights of Third World countries as its guiding principle. But the substance of Keenan's argument does precisely the opposite; it justifies the environmental havoc that multinationals like Union Carbide wreak around the globe, and the equally harmful impact they have on economic and political development.

In agreeing with Union Carbide's contention that the accident at the Bhopal plant is essentially an Indian matter ("Almost 'all the relevant events' leading to and following from the accident occurred in India," and "most of the documentary evidence concerning . . . matters bearing on liability, is to be found in India"), Judge Keenan ignored the wealth of evidence in this country showing the corporation's financial, managerial and technical control of its subsidiary and downplayed Union Carbide's role in designing and overseeing the operation of the plant. He also sent a clear signal that other multinationals can avoid full responsibility for deleterious global practices by hiding behind subsidiaries, partnerships and various economic and technolog-

ical agreements. Beyond that, by arguing that "the public interest of the United States in this litigation is very slight," Keenan proclaimed that corporate accountability overseas is of no concern to U.S. policy-makers.

Keenan concluded that trying the cases in the United States "would be yet another example of imperialism, another situation in which an established sovereign inflicted its rules, its standards and values on a developing nation." The problem, however, is that the industrialized nations have already inflicted their rules, standards and values on much of the Third World, and that is precisely what lies at the root of many of the environmental as well as economic problems these countries confront. The export of hazardous products and processes, what Robert Engler calls "a global double standard that places a greater value on Western lives," is one example [see Engler, "Many Bhopals: Technology Out of Control," *The Nation*, April 27, 1985]. The Green Revolution sponsored by the Ford and Rockefeller foundations, which laid the groundwork for the Bhopal disaster in many important ways, is another.

Indeed, Keenan's logic faithfully mirrors the U.S. government's. In the wake of Bhopal, Congress and the Administration refused to consider imposing stricter guidelines on U.S. multinationals' overseas operations—even a requirement that they inform host governments of the dangers associated with their products or processes. Perhaps one should not be too surprised, then, at the May 14 editorial in *The Wall Street Journal* that hailed both Keenan's decision and efforts to relax export regulations on untested drugs as blows against U.S. chauvinism.

Finally, despite the indignation at Soviet suppression of critical information about the Chernobyl disaster, it must be pointed out that Judge Keenan's decision does nothing to guarantee that critical information about the Bhopal disaster will ever see the light of day. Union Carbide has good reason to feel that an out-of-court settlement is preferable to a trial, at which highly damaging information could come to light, and which would keep the Bhopal accident, at least to some degree, in the public eye. According to *The New York Times*, lawyers close to the case feel that if Union Carbide agrees to Judge Keenan's terms for sending the case to India, an out-of-court settlement is more likely. The net result will be the burial of information vital to ascertaining the exact causes of the disaster.

Judge Keenan's decision underscores the hypocrisy of an America that condemns the Russians for their handling of the Chernobyl affair while it insists that multinationals be allowed to operate in the Third World with no accountability. The scant press coverage the decision received supports the chemical industry and the U.S. government in their efforts to relegate Bhopal—the worst industrial accident in history—to the forgotten past. For the tens of thousands of people in Bhopal who continue to suffer the aftereffects of the disaster and have yet to receive compensation from Union Carbide, there is no forgetting. **LARRY EVEREST**

Larry Everest is the author of Behind the Poison Cloud: Union Carbide's Bhopal Massacre (Banner Press).

BEAT THE DEVIL.

From AIDS to Old Maids

First *People*, then *Newsweek* sank its teeth into the season's best-chewed bone, "the marriage crunch." The crunch clamor stems from the suggestion of a couple of sociologists at Yale and an economist at Harvard that college-educated women who are still single at the age of 35 have only a 5 percent "chance" (the idiom of the lottery is popular in these stories) of getting married. *People* put the unpublished study on its cover of March 31, with pictures of Donna Mills, Diane Sawyer, Sharon Gless and Linda Ronstadt under the title "Are These Old Maids?" Translation: If these people aren't married, what hope have you got? *Newsweek* put the same study on its June 2 cover.

The uproar over the Yale-Harvard study is just another twist on a favored theme of the 1980s: women have liberated themselves into lonely, unfulfilled, childless lives; the modern girl can't get a man. The motifs of the *Newsweek* article were indignity and desperation, emblems of failure reminiscent of the sagas of "bad girls" gone to ruin I used to read about in the 1950s, desperate myself to become a bad boy and hoping to meet a bad girl to accommodate me. Last year's version of the modern-girl-can't-get-a-man theme was a cloudburst of articles plus the usual supporting studies on the perils of combining work and motherhood. Work in this case was restricted to middle-class career echelons, with the usual permapress moral about the pitfalls of feminism. Next year they'll be saying that modern girls make boys gay, and follow it up with stories showing how exercise dries up your ovaries.

Contrary to the "Marriage Is Back" stories, also a staple of the 1980s, there were fewer marriages in 1985 than in 1984, all of which is causing heartache to the marriage apparel industry and to all the other magazine advertisers who see the married state as the catalyst for the all-important circulation of commodities. In fact, census figures (quoted in a *Wall Street Journal* article for May 28, titled "Staying Single") show that the proportion of never-married men and women in their late 20s and early 30s doubled between 1970 and 1985. There are now 4.2 million such women and 6.1 million such men. *The Journal's* story, by Joann S. Lublin, dealt in a reasonably dispassionate way with the decline of marriage as an economic institution. It was *People* and *Newsweek* that festooned the statistics with black crepe, converting mere numbers into a moral sermon and fostering the notion that demography is taking a timely revenge on women's absurdly heightened hopes for life, just as other lethal cover stories on herpes and AIDS used those afflictions to take revenge on the spirit of liberation.

Turn then to the masthead of *Newsweek* to see how it reflects women's hopes heightened over the last fifteen years and find that of the top fifty-two names, eight are women and of these one is "chairman of the board." All twelve domestic bureaus are headed by men except for the U.N., which traditionally ranks as womanish in the executive imagination, since it is concerned with peace. So much for the famous *Newsweek* sex-discrimination case of the early 1970s.

The Right on Sex and the Left

One of the Moon-backed *Washington Times's* subsidiary publications is a thick monthly called *The World and I*, edited by Morton A. Kaplan and charging \$90 for a subscription. Its first issue this January had a piece by Albert Michaels titled "The Media, the Adversary Culture, and U.S. Foreign Policy," which addressed itself to the question of why "the adversary culture" supports "Third World Governments and liberation movements." Michaels detected two reasons:

The first is political . . . they hope that these non-white people will disrupt Western society and international economy. . . . The second is more complex and has its origins in the widespread sexual obsession of Western society . . . a deep concern over personal sexual virility, especially among male radicals of Jewish background. This in turn, has led to a cult of imagined virility of Black revolutionaries and Third World leaders.

Michaels is a professor of history at the State University of New York at Buffalo. I called him to discuss which radicals of Jewish background he had in mind. At first he was not at home, though his recorded message did have certain obsessive quality of its own. "Why don't you," murmured the professor's voice, "take that wonderful phone of yours and do something interesting with it."

When I finally talked to Michaels he was most amiable saying his paper had been written for a 1984 meeting of the Moon-backed World Media Conference in Tokyo which he'd not attended. He confessed that his notion of the psychosexual basis of U.S. radicalism was taken from an essay by Stanley Rothman and Robert Lichter called "Jews, Christians and the New Left," published a few years ago. (Rothman and Lichter are notorious for their tendentious studies, endlessly quoted by the right, advancing the preposterous thesis that the media elite is a bunch of McGovernite foes of big business.) "Their work reinforced a lot of what I observed myself in the 1960s, when I knew many people in S.D.S.," said Michaels, adding that he is Jewish himself and, though of basically neocon convictions had been a good friend of Orlando Letelier. He agreed with me that penis envy on the part of Jewish male radicals was probably not a particularly helpful concept in analyzing the "adversary culture," saying that he was bored with writing about his specialty, Latin America, and was eager to push ahead with his history of art in Western New York. He expressed a keen admiration for my work, and we parted on warm terms. It never pays to call up people when one plans to trash them.

Pundit Turmoil

The Reagan Administration's lunges toward abandonment of the SALT II guidelines prompted tremendous commotion in the pundit community. On the desk in front of me are columns by David Broder, Anthony Lewis, James McCartney, Gary Wills and Edwin Yoder Jr., all stating in terms both flat and round that Reagan's decision is a ba

ALEXANDER COCKBURN

business, since it will (a) unleash a new arms race; (b) degrade U.S. national security; (c) "drive a wedge between the United States and her NATO allies." Liberal pundits spend much of their lives saying things like this. History records that Anthony Lewis was entirely silent until he was 4, at which point his mother took him to a consultant who finally got the boy to admit that he was frightened to open his mouth in case some unguarded word might place excessive strain on the Western alliance.

A natural reaction to all this wailing is to ask what U.S. weapons system was ever impeded in production or deployment by the SALT agreement. Another is to ask where most of the wailers were when it counted. The war against SALT was won in the mid- to late 1970s, when the liberals rushed or cover amid the onslaught of the Committee on the Present Danger, Team B and other components of the war party.

A third reaction is to note how many of the pundits, even while they deplore Reagan's decision on SALT, accept the administration's charges of "Soviet violations" in connection with the SS-25, the phased-array radar at Krasnoyarsk and the encryption of telemetry (a phrase conservatives love to roll around their mouths). In fact, all of these supposed violations are moot. Gen. Richard Ellis of the Standing Consultative Commission on SALT compliance in Geneva has pronounced the Soviet record good. Possible U.S. violations—construction of the Midgetman and of two phased-array radars at Flyingdales and Thule—are ignored.

Having kicked SALT II out of the way, the Reagan Administration is now heading, club in hand, for the ABM Treaty of 1972, determined to finish off arms control forever. But the pundits will go on asking themselves to the bitter end, when the world actually blows up, whether Reagan's "tough stance will bring the Russians to the negotiating table." What is one to say to this nonsense? Gorbachev did gesture toward the negotiating table with serious proposals for disarmament, including—in an April 21 speech in East Berlin—a call for the "simultaneous disbanding" of the Warsaw Pact and NATO, "or, for a part, their military organizations." These were unacceptable affronts to the standard operating procedures of the cold war, and Reagan has acted accordingly.

Ignorant As Always

The New Republic, trouncing Victor Navasky for sponsoring Gore Vidal's piece on Norman Podhoretz and Midge Decter, says in its issue of June 9 that while "it may be that here and there there is an anti-Zionist who is not an anti-semitite . . . it will be hard to find an anti-Semite who is not so an anti-Zionist." It's not hard at all. The Nazis approved Zionism because it urged the removal of Jews from Europe and the maintenance of pure bloodlines. Martin Peretz, or whoever wrote those remarks in *The New Republic*, may care to look up Adolph Eichmann's "confession" as printed in *Life* on November 28, 1960:

In 1937, after I had been struggling with Hebrew for two and a half years, I had the chance to take a trip to Palestine. We

were most interested in the Palestine emigration, and I wanted to find out at what point a new Jewish state in Palestine might be set up. Unfortunately Palestine was then in turmoil, and the British turned down my application for an extended stay. I did see enough to be very impressed by the way the Jewish colonists were building up their land. I admired their desperate will to live, the more so since I was myself an idealist.

In the years that followed I often said to Jews with whom I had dealings that, had I been a Jew, I would have been a fanatical Zionist. I could not imagine being anything else. In fact, I would have been the most ardent Zionist imaginable.

The Passing Show

● ABC's *Amerika* is now being shot in deep secrecy in Toronto. The network refuses to allow anyone on the set to speak to the press, but reports in the Los Angeles newspapers confirm that the script still concerns a Soviet takeover of the United States by means of the United Nations and quisling liberals. The whole mini-series, scheduled for next February, turns out to have been based on a column by the conservative writer Ben Stein in the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner* on October 31, 1983, a month before ABC screened *The Day After*. Stein urged his "dear friends at ABC" to make a TV movie about "what life in the U.S. would be like if we lived under Soviet domination." According to Jeff Gottlieb of the *Herald Examiner*, Stein was paid an undisclosed sum to write an outline for the show. ABC has denied that the mini-series was devised to appease the Reed Irvine mob, maddened by *The Day After*'s fearless statement that nuclear war isn't much fun.

● The imperial imagination thrives on amnesia. Back on May 18 *The Washington Post* published an article on Chile by Bradley Graham, which contained the news that the Chilean Communists are now endorsing violence because of the Sandinistas' example of successful armed struggle and because "Chilean Socialists had gone through their own soul-searching after the coup and emerged more moderate, embracing democracy and repudiating Marxism-Leninism and the violent road to power." It will be recalled that Salvador Allende was the constitutionally elected candidate of the Socialists, whose scrupulous adherence to democratic procedures was violently terminated by Gen. Augusto Pinochet.

● I've not griped about *The Nation* lately. In the May 31 issue the Navasky gang published a lachrymose valediction to Theodore White solely in order to quote a passage by the man comparing *The Nation* to a mighty oak. White was a dreadful influence on journalism, and *The Nation* isn't an oak. It's a swamp, across which readers nervously leap, searching for patches of firm ground amid the ooze.

● My mother writes from County Waterford to tell me that this spring Ireland was electrified by news that Professor Rafferty, in charge of the Fota Wildlife Park outside Cork City, had succeeded in crossing a giraffe with a Frisian cow. The creature was called the Raffertine Girow. Thousands flocked to Fota to see it, despite the fact that news of the girow was first published in the *Cork Examiner* on April 1.

CAPITOL LETTER.

KAI BIRD AND MAX HOLLAND

■ Pentagon Bulimia

Lost in the debate over the defense budget has been a simple fact: the Pentagon is unable to spend its money as fast as it gets it. From 1980 through 1985 military spending increased by 104 percent, from \$140.7 billion to \$286.8 billion. In the same period the Pentagon's balance of unexpended funds increased 165 percent, from \$92.2 billion to \$244.4 billion. If the Pentagon can't dole out its largesse fast enough, if its contractors are unable to build weapons as rapidly as Congress appropriates money for them, if the economy has absorbed all the military money that it can, then the Administration's warnings that cuts in this year's defense budget could endanger national security are fallacious.

What has the Pentagon done with the \$244 billion it hasn't been able to spend since 1981? Here is the breakdown: \$182.9 billion was "obligated" to specific contractors for making weapons or for research and development—it's "in the pipeline," as they say in Washington—but they haven't been able to write the checks for it, at least not yet. More than \$61.5 billion hasn't even been assigned to a contractor.

The Defense Department never spends its entire budget in the year it was appropriated because weapons systems, particularly high-technology aircraft, often take years to develop and build. Nevertheless, a report published last month by Jeffrey Colman and Raúl Madrid of the Defense Budget Project at the Center on Budget and Policy Priorities demonstrates that the Pentagon is not keeping up with traditional rates of spending. Titled "The Pentagon Funding Backlog: Can the Defense Department Manage More Growth?" the report is essential reading for those who wish to understand the current budget battle.

Colman and Madrid show that spending rates are falling: in 1980 the D.O.D. spent 58.6 percent of all its available funds; by 1985 the figure had dropped to 49.9 percent, and it is projected to decline to 47.8 in fiscal 1987. The trend for unobligated funds is similar. Every year the Reagan Administration has told Congress that it would be able to parcel out more of its military funds than it had in previous years, but that hasn't happened. Unobligated funds increased by more than 154 percent between fiscal 1980 and 1985.

All of this shows that the Pentagon has a severe case of bulimia, which is also why Cap Weinberger from time to time sheepishly admits to "discovering" billions of undigested dollars. The General Accounting Office estimates that from fiscal 1982 through 1986 the Pentagon "found" some \$44.5 billion in excess funds—money that was not needed for the purposes for which it had been appropriated. Much of this surplus is the result of overestimating the costs of inflation.

More than \$14 billion resulted from an accounting practice begun in 1983, when the D.O.D. increased the projected inflation rates for major weapons systems contracts by 30 percent. For example, for a year in which the inflation

rate was pegged at 6 percent, the D.O.D. would write 8 percent into its contracts. The Congressional Budget Office estimates that its own method for calculating the cost of inflation on major weapons systems would reduce the military budget by \$30.2 billion between now and 1990. From 1982 through 1985, the D.O.D. claimed "inflation savings" of \$28.4 billion. Of this sum, it says, \$13.1 billion was "reprogrammed" for other purposes. (Reprogrammed funds are subject to the approval of the House and Senate Armed Services and Defense Appropriations subcommittees, a group of legislators notoriously sympathetic to military spending.)

In March the department reported to Congress that it had found \$2.2 billion in excess funds in its 1986 budget, of which \$900 million had been recycled into "higher priority program requirements," including pay raises. The rest was used to "offset" Congressional cuts in the D.O.D.'s 1986 budget requests. The savings were thus used to defray the cuts mandated in March by the Gramm-Rudman Act.

That isn't the end of it. The Office of Management and Budget told the Senate Budget Committee that there will probably be another \$1 billion saved because of declining fuel prices in fiscal 1987.

Despite the evidence that the Pentagon can't efficiently absorb what it has already been given, Les Aspin, chair of the House Armed Services Committee, who is bent on showing that Democrats can be "strong on defense," has been issuing dire warnings for months on what the Gramm-Rudman reductions will do to the nation's defense and has been calling for a bigger amount than the House has authorized. In his 1987 budget, President Reagan asked Congress to appropriate \$320 billion for the Pentagon. The House provided \$285 billion in "budget authority" and \$276 billion in actual outlays. The Senate said it would go along with \$301 billion in budget authority and \$282 billion in outlays. The White House says neither package is acceptable. Aspin is pushing for the amount approved by the Senate.

Instead of starting from the \$286 billion the House authorized last year, Aspin uses as a benchmark the President's request of \$320 billion, a figure even Republicans recognized as a nonstarter. This makes it appear that the House wants to impose a \$35 billion cut in defense. In a May 20 memorandum, Aspin snidely told House-Senate conferees, "It is often suggested to me that Congress should just forget the President's budget request, since it was clearly an unreasonable pie-in-the-sky request to begin with." He then curtly dismissed that suggestion as "politically naive." He also claimed that his warnings of what will be necessary in the way of cuts is "not a Washington Monument exercise," a reference to the "apocryphal Interior Secretary who proposed dismantling the Washington Monument when ordered to trim his budget." But that is exactly the role Aspin has played in the current budget debate, and if the President succeeds in getting either the Senate figure or something higher, the Pentagon will once again be in debt to the deceptious Congressman from Wisconsin.

ARTICLES.

■ INSIDE NAMIBIA

Stirrings in a
Forgotten Land

LOUIS FREEDBERG

Windhoek, Namibia

After years in the international spotlight, Namibia has slipped into obscurity. During the headier days of the African independence movement it was widely believed that Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe) would be liberated first, then Namibia and last of all South Africa. But the unexpected explosion of black resistance in South Africa has dramatically altered that scenario. Now there is growing feeling that South Africa's problems will have to be solved before Namibia is liberated.

The Reagan Administration's policy of constructive engagement, of which independence for Namibia was supposed to be the *raison d'être* as well as the crowning achievement, is in tatters. Not only has constructive engagement produced no results in Namibia, but the subcontinent has sunk into chaos as a result of South African aggression. South Africa's recent attacks on Botswana, Zambia, Zimbabwe and Angola reflect the same mentality that governs its attitude toward Namibia: it wants total domination of the subcontinent and no negotiation or compromise with liberation movements such as the South-West Africa People's Organization and the African National Congress.

Whatever lies ahead, Namibia is still a victim of its colonial past and present. Aside from the pervasive South African presence, there are constant reminders of Namibia's turn-of-the-century days as a German colony. German is still one of the principal languages, in addition to English and Afrikaans. The architecture in downtown Windhoek is decidedly Teutonic, as are the beer gardens in the city's motels, where each afternoon, in a small daily ritual, bright plastic umbrellas go up to shelter patrons from the rains that have finally come to bring some relief to this war-torn, worn town country.

Despite the vastness of the country, which is about the size of Texas and has a population of 1.5 million, the long arm of South African rule extends deep into Namibian society. Telephones are tapped. Visitors are followed by security police. Activists may be detained indefinitely without trial. Curfews rigidly control individual movement in the northern region, where the twenty-year war between South African troops and Swapo guerrillas grinds on. "There's no law there, there's no brake [on the security forces], there's

no way you can stop their excesses," says David Smuts, 31, one of a handful of civil rights lawyers in Namibia.

In one of the paradoxes that abound here, Swapo is not banned, but its constitution, which advocates armed resistance, is. Headquartered in the Angolan capital of Luanda, Swapo directs its war of guerrillas against an estimated 90,000 South African troops. Although it has what it describes as fraternal ties to the A.N.C., it operates independently. Most of Swapo's leadership is in exile, including its president, Sam Nujoma. The organization maintains a presence of sorts inside Namibia, but its members may not hold meetings and are regularly harassed, detained or arrested.

This year alone there have been constant reminders that opposing South African rule can be a perilous business. Some examples:

§ In January arsonists destroyed the offices of the Council of Churches, which opposes South African rule. A month later a Windhoek bureaucrat announced that the council could not reopen its offices, because the site had been rezoned for residential use only.

§ Vandals attacked the building housing *The Namibian*, a progressive newspaper started up last year, as well as the offices of the Namibia Literacy Program. Although the program is headed by Joshua Hoebeke, who is Swapo's secretary for education, it gets most of its backing from church groups and has no direct ties to Swapo.

§ More than fifty people were arrested and several injured in Katutura, the black township outside Windhoek, when riot police used tear gas and whips to break up an open-air festival convened to celebrate the United Nations International Year of Peace.

§ Saths Cooper, the president of the Azanian People's Organization (Azapo), a leading South African black consciousness organization, was arrested shortly before he was to speak at a meeting in Windhoek. He was charged with violating a seldom enforced law prohibiting people who are not "Europeans"—that is, white—from entering Namibia without a permit.

"It's never been this bad," says Nora Chase, director of education for the Council of Churches and one of dozens of former political exiles who returned to Namibia after the government declared a general amnesty in 1978. "The security forces are a law unto themselves."

In lieu of granting independence, South Africa has installed yet another temporary "government," this time in the refurbished Tintenpalast, or Ink Palace, the former seat of the German colonial administration. Perched on a hill outside Windhoek amid acres of perfectly manicured gardens, the imposing yellow building with its white columns houses the National Assembly and Council of Ministers. On June 17, this arrangement was one year old.

The main purpose of the National Assembly seems to be to create the illusion of self-governance in Namibia. Critics say the new government has no legitimacy. The Assembly is a concoction that would not be out of place in a Gilbert and

Louis Freedberg, an anthropologist, is an editor for Pacific News Service. Born and raised in South Africa, he just returned from a six-week visit to southern Africa, including Namibia.

Sullivan operetta. Its members were not elected. Each of six political parties, which have survived the various governmental arrangements over the past ten years, appointed its own members to sit in the high-ceilinged chamber.

The legislative body deals with domestic matters, such as tourism, roads and control of local authorities, but South Africa retains control over foreign affairs, defense and security, postal service and telecommunications. More to the point, the South African-appointed Administrator-General, the head of the Namibian government, can veto legislation that is passed, as can the president of South Africa.

The National Assembly is the topmost of three tiers of government. Under it are the ethnic administrations, set up by South Africa along the lines of its homelands and representing eleven allegedly distinct tribal groups, including the Herero, the Ovambo and the Damara. Even the whites, who make up less than 10 percent of the population, have their own administration, appropriately called the white administration. The third tier consists of local bodies—town councils and administrative structures in the black townships. An estimated 75 percent of Namibia's more than 1 billion rand budget (approximately \$400 million) covers the costs of this complicated apparatus.

The National Assembly has acquired more respectability than previous so-called interim governments because most of its members are black and because some former exiles and activists have been persuaded to join. One of them is Moses Katjuongua, former president of the South-West African National Union (Swanu), who long opposed any collaboration with South Africa. He now heads a splinter party, also called Swanu, to the chagrin of former party members. Some former members of Swapo, like Andreas Shipanga, also participate, through a breakaway group known as Swapo-Democrats.

Swapo members and other dissidents from the numerous parties and organizations that have balked at joining the Assembly say the converts were attracted mainly by the generous salaries and hefty interest-free loans, which they used to buy expensive homes and farms. Ludwig Helu, a deputy minister to Shipanga, justifies his involvement on the grounds that the interim government is giving Namibia's future leaders experience in running a country and that it is eroding the power of the once-omnipotent Administrator-General.

The hope of people like Helu, and among some factions in the South African government, is that Swapo will join the National Assembly as another party. That, according to Swapo's Hoebe, is unlikely. "The interim government is just one of the many ideas South Africa has come up with in order to stall the demand for independence," he says.

Reinforcing the widespread belief among Namibians that

the Assembly is nothing more than a public relations exercise for Pretoria is the new government's failure to do anything about the repressive security laws. It has not repealed widely criticized Administrator-General proclamations, such as AG 9 and AG 26, which permit detention without trial. In fact, it has endorsed all such detentions since it took office. Nor has it abolished AG 8, which is the cornerstone for the divide-and-rule approach that has carved up Namibia into ethnic administrations.

Exact figures on detentions, arrests and victims of police brutality are hard to come by. Last November, twenty-two Namibian political prisoners, most of whom had served seventeen years of their life sentences on Robben Island, the prison where Nelson Mandela is incarcerated, were released leaving at least seven other Namibians still serving long-term sentences. The day-to-day detentions continue. In February of this year at least forty-six people were known or believed to be in detention on a variety of charges throughout Namibia. Attorney David Smuts says that some political dissidents are simply missing—at least fifteen at last count.

Despite this gloomy picture the Namibian impasse is tantalizingly resolvable. South Africa and Swapo have agreed on the basic scenario for independence, meticulously spelled out eight years ago in U.N. Security Council Resolution 435. That resolution calls for an immediate cease-fire, the reduction of South African troops to 1,500, internationally supervised elections and the drafting of a constitution by an elected constituent assembly. In apparent violation of Resolution 435, South Africa has tried to get a head start on the democratic process by appointing a Constitutional Council, which has already spent \$1 million in its attempt to draw up a constitution before independence.

But the two sides have engaged in fruitless negotiations, prolonged unnecessarily by the Reagan Administration's insistence that a settlement in Namibia be linked to withdrawal of Cuban troops from Angola. South Africa seized on that linkage principle and has clung to it ever since.

In the latest salvo in the diplomatic war, President P.W. Botha declared in March that he would begin implementing Resolution 435 unilaterally on August 1, on condition that Angola declare a timetable for the withdrawal of Cuban troops. That proviso was enough to render his proposal meaningless, and within days all sides, from Afrikaners in Namibia to the Angolan government, had rejected Botha's proposal. Frank Wisner, Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for the Bureau of African Affairs, immediately flew in from Washington for further discussions, but by the time he arrived the offer was all but dead. Because of U.S. "covert" aid to Jonas Savimbi's National Union for the Total Independence of Angola (Unita), the Angolan government is less willing than ever to ask Cuban troops to go home—as the South Africans are well aware.

Even to close observers here, it is not entirely clear what benefits Pretoria gets from its continued occupation of Namibia. Certainly the country serves as a buffer zone against incursions from Angola. It also possesses rich diamond and uranium deposits. But, overall, Namibia is a net

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economic loss to South Africa, now burdened with its own incipient revolution.

The Namibian economy, in spite of the country's potential wealth, is a shambles. Its pillars are two mining companies, Rössing Uranium and Consolidated Diamond Mines, a subsidiary of South Africa's De Beers Ltd. In 1980 the two firms generated 45 percent of Namibia's gross domestic product, 50 percent of the government's tax revenues and 75 percent of the country's exports.

The two corporate monoliths are beginning to show some cracks, however. In the past several years, demand for uranium has declined precipitously, and Rössing, which operates the largest uranium mine in the world, has started to lay off workers as a result of drastically reduced profits.

To make matters worse, the once-lucrative fishing industry has virtually collapsed because of overfishing by foreign and local companies. And, according to economist Wolfgang Thomas, in both the commercial and peasant agricultural sectors "short-run prospects are gloomy as far as output, employment creation and income generation are concerned." He adds that "in the longer run, prospects for steady improvement are equally gloomy under the present sociopolitical system, as the war of liberation continues."

Because Namibia's economy is essentially an extension of South Africa's, it is likely to deteriorate even further as international sanctions and divestment continue to erode the foundations of the South African economy. Pretoria supplies more than one-third of Namibia's total annual budget, through loans, direct grants and payments. That does not include the enormous costs of the military operations in the north. All told, South Africa spends an estimated 1 billion rand a year on the territory.

At times South Africa seems ready to let go of Namibia, and at other times it does not. This appears to be a period when it does not. The Pretoria regime is on the defensive at home, and the white South African electorate could interpret concessions in Namibia as a sign of weakness. Namibian independence would also add to the hopes of black South Africans that liberation was in their grasp, and could

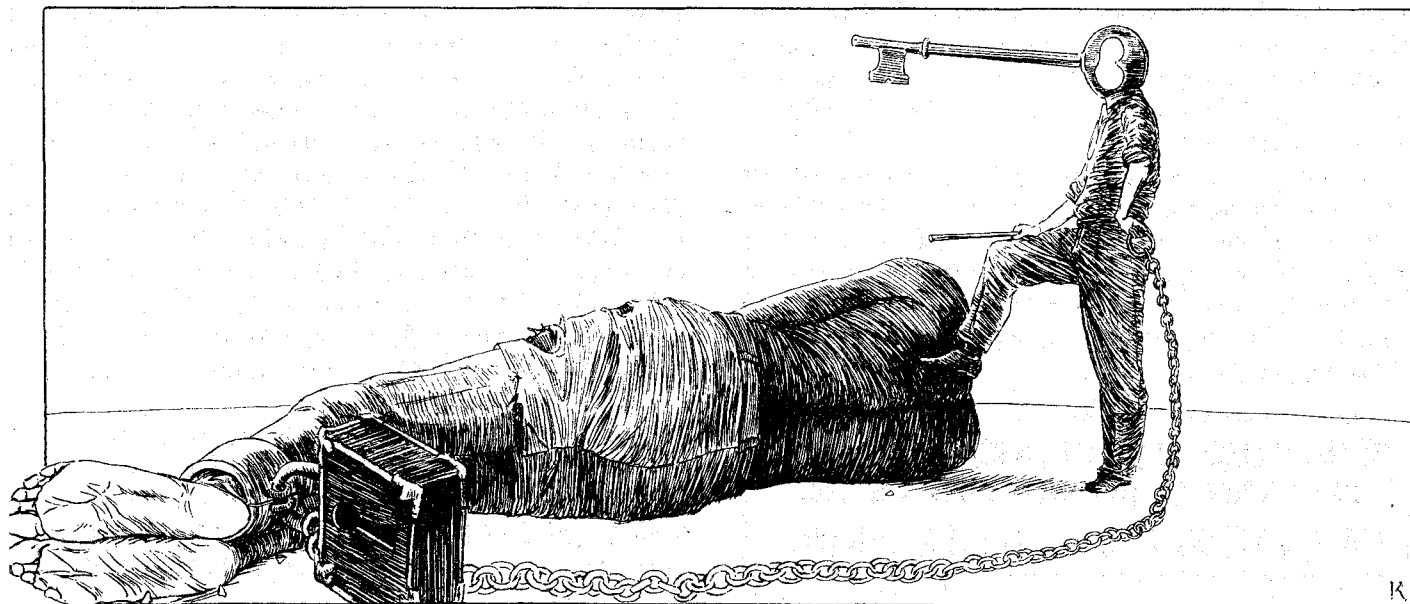
fan the flames of protest across the country. Finally, the military command in South Africa, now on the defensive, is less willing than it was a few years ago to give up the 800-mile buffer zone that separates South Africa from Marxist Angola.

Inside Namibia internal dissent is not nearly as intense as it is in South Africa, easing the way for Pretoria's continued occupation of the territory. The decades-long South African military presence, the dispersed population and the severe poverty, which has compelled people to put survival ahead of political organizing, have kept the internal opposition relatively quiescent.

As for the guerrilla war, Swapo has said all along that it could not defeat the South African military. After almost twenty years of conflict, there is no area that could properly be called liberated territory. Swapo's goal has consistently been to make the war so expensive that South Africa is forced to pull out. It is becoming increasingly clear, however, that South Africa is willing to hang on to Namibia indefinitely, whatever the cost.

An awareness of this is beginning to filter down to Namibian youths, and some are becoming radicalized, like their peers in South Africa's townships. In February, in an incident widely regarded as a benchmark in the resistance movement, members of the Swapo Youth League in Katatura fought back when police broke up the rally celebrating the U.N. International Year of Peace—the first such confrontation in recent Namibian history.

Provocations from the security forces will no doubt stir up further resistance. But that will not be enough. Pretoria will negotiate on Namibia only from a position of strength, and that will require restoring law and order at home. Because that is unlikely to happen, South Africa will presumably continue to do everything it can to prevent Swapo from coming to power. Ironically, the fate of Namibia may now depend less on Pretoria or Swapo than on the progress of South African blacks' efforts to transform their society. Without significant change in the metropolis, there will be no real change in the colony. □



DRAWINGS BY KIMBERLY BULCKEN ROOT

■ SATURN'S HIDDEN COSTS

G.M. Comes to Spring Hill

ANTHONY BORDEN

Hohenwald, Tennessee

Spring Hill is a flea-speck of a town. There's a feed store, a barbecue joint, two schools and a bank, a Christian orphans' home and eight churches. Not much else but two traffic lights along one main road, and if you hit them right you barely have to slow down.

It's an area of farmers, any one of whom will tell you things have never been so bad, and unemployment hovers around 10 percent. But all of a sudden it's a boomtown, with real estate values rising as much as 2,000 percent. Last July, General Motors announced that Spring Hill would be the site of a factory to produce a \$6,000 subcompact named Saturn. The company will spend about one-third of the \$12.1 billion in profits it has earned over the past three years. Calling the new division "the key to [our] long-term . . . survival," G.M. has laid its hopes on Japanese-style production methods and recast labor arrangements.

When G.M. officials brought the good news to town, residents greeted them with a standing ovation and a chorus of "God Bless America." Governor Lamar Alexander placed a full-page advertisement in national newspapers heralding Tennessee as the obvious choice for the plant. And the United Automobile Workers praised the "philosophy of total cooperation" embodied in the Saturn contract. The company has gained all kinds of partners in this last-ditch experiment to revitalize U.S. automaking, but many union dissidents believe that G.M. is challenging the Japanese at labor's expense. And as bulldozers begin breaking ground thirty miles south of Nashville, Spring Hill residents find that their community of 1,100 is becoming a company town.

A few months after the announcement, Spring Hill looked empty. Perhaps it was just the usual calm, turned strange after so much excitement. A couple of businesses stood vacant. A real estate firm set up an office in the old cafe. Some farmers sold their land, clearing enough to settle debts and move on. Many others have cut back on the acreage they work, and those who rent find fewer fields available to them, since owners don't think it's worth the trouble anymore. Older farmers are not encouraged by any of the changes brought by G.M., including the new land values. John Campbell is a dairy farmer who has lived in Spring Hill for twenty-one years. Although he never made out so poorly as he did last year, he fears things will only get worse with Saturn. "Sure we're better off," he said. "So are

Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Those people have two of the most modern cities in the world, but they're not the same people who used to be there. Farming's a thing of the past in Spring Hill."

G.M. hopes to revolutionize car making but not change the town a bit, promising to "preserve the quality of life and natural beauty that attracted us in the first place." The plant won't be visible from the road, if only because the site lies down a hill. But by the turn of the century 36,000 vehicles will travel the new Saturn Parkway every day, with as many as 120 trucks every hour.

A zoning plan was drafted to prohibit commercial development on a three-mile stretch of road beside the plant. One of the plan's architects is John Costonis, dean of Vanderbilt University School of Law, who receives a retainer from G.M. He told *The Tennessean*, "What we don't want is . . . all that garbage jammed in." So the garbage should go elsewhere, leaving the factory area picturesque.

Norman Dean is a local real estate auctioneer who owns property that lies within the zoning area. He sees the plan as the company's bid for political control of the town. Given the projected traffic flow, his land will have no residential value, yet it can't be sold for any other purpose. Dean doesn't despair, though; he just wants to join the development race. "The horses are already out of the stall," he says. "Why restrict everybody else?"

Recently Costonis's plan was scrapped. Zoning jurisdiction has been split among three government agencies, and it is between those cracks that commercial construction might slip, as pressure for development grows and the plant nears completion, in 1990. If that happens and the route becomes a fast-food and condo strip, how could G.M. be held responsible?

Sometimes the company's manipulation is less subtle. After making Pamela Smith two offers for her sixty-five-acre plot, G.M. threatened to get it another way. Soon she noticed that her property was turning up on maps as the site for an exit from the new parkway, though the road could just as easily have passed over Saturn's land. Then without a word, state surveyors showed up on her land and started laying out stakes. She can afford to prepare for a legal battle, but others have had to succumb without a struggle.

At times Governor Alexander seems wonder-struck by Saturn. In a moment of hyperbole after G.M.'s announcement he said, "If we don't get a single job, the publicity would be worth it." In another, he vastly understated the price of winning the competition for the site: "New York offered \$1.2 million, I believe. We didn't offer a penny." Actually, the state granted enormous tax breaks to G.M., and will provide \$72 million for roads, worker training and education. What the state will recover through increased sales taxes (it has no income tax) it won't see for four years, when Saturn begins to meet its \$200 million payroll.

Although G.M. has full rights to the 2,450-acre site, the county industrial board holds title to the land and helps finance construction of the factory by issuing bonds. Under this arrangement, G.M. will pay no property taxes, the main source of county revenue. Instead it will reimburse the

Anthony Borden, a freelance writer and editor in New York City, has spent portions of the past fourteen years on a farm in Middle Tennessee.

county in installments over a forty-year period.

For the first ten years, G.M. will make flat payments that will amount to at least \$70 million below what it would have owed in taxes. Afterward, it will be taxed on only 25 percent of the factory's assessed value, a liability that G.M. can further reduce by claiming depreciation and losses. An editorial in *The Nashville Banner* last summer praised the Governor for not offering "any special incentives that would put an unfair burden on other companies based in Tennessee," but it is exactly this kind of break to a huge corporation that will force farmers, owners of small businesses and other residents to pick up the balance of the county's tax requirements.

For G.M., the Saturn plant represents another step in its ongoing experiment to discover just how far it can lower its tax obligations. Its annual payments for Spring Hill will be about half what it owes under a twelve-year contract for a much smaller plant in Orion, Michigan. There and in seventeen other jurisdictions in that state over the past two years G.M. has demanded reductions of up to 80 percent in its real-property tax rates, threatening to move the plants if it doesn't get them. In four towns so far the strategy has worked, with G.M. winning cuts of up to 30 percent. Yet no one in Tennessee seems to have contacted any Michigan politician or community group for advice on the tax agreement or the zoning plan. Perhaps such advice would not have made any difference. When George Jones, the Mayor of Spring Hill, realized that the town would collect no taxes from G.M. and announced he would annex the plant, which lies just outside the town limits, G.M. officials reminded him that they could still relocate.

That threat brought the only significant public criticism of Saturn until Ralph Nader gave a speech at the local community college in October and James Musselman, an attorney with the Center for Responsive Law, spent two weeks in Spring Hill canvassing residents and explaining the numbers. People here rallied, forming a citizens' group and generally trying to encourage a wariness toward the new neighbor. But lately, faced with the boosterism led by the Nashville papers, some of the energy for dissent has been lost, and attendance at meetings has slipped. Still, a few continue to fight for community interests, searching for a place to build a badly needed new school before the land values permanently price the education system out of town.

The one subject they're not interested in is unions. The U.A.W. has done little to promote good will. A union official in Ohio accosted John Campbell in town and told him he ought to be ashamed of himself for second-guessing the deal, that G.M. is the best company in the world. The outburst reveals the kind of pressure the union is under, for no party to Saturn has risked more with this experiment than the U.A.W.

The debate in the labor movement over whether the U.A.W. has sold out to the company focuses on the "philosophy of total cooperation" that is the heart of the contract. It has brought workers a 20 percent pay cut in return for a slice of the profits, a bow to the popular notion that labor has cost Detroit its place in the world market. (The profit-sharing checks G.M. recently distributed to its

workers averaged one-third what Ford paid, though G.M.'s profit last year was nearly double its rival's.) It has also led to a revamped system of production, to be carried out by small work units rather than the traditional assembly line. The question is whether significant union involvement and worker allegiance to the U.A.W. can be generated by building cars in this way. When cooperation replaces confrontation, where does the union fit in?

From the start the agreement has been severely criticized, most prominently by Victor Reuther, a co-founder of the U.A.W., who says that the promise of cooperation was a false one, since, obviously, future workers could not vote on their contract. The U.A.W. has thus inadvertently played into the hands of Southern antiunionists. On June 3 the National Labor Relations Board general counsel dismissed a suit filed by the Virginia-based National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation, which charged that the agreement violates Tennessee's right-to-work law because it gives preference to U.A.W. members in filling the jobs at the plant. Nevertheless, Mike Parker, a labor writer and electrician at Ford's Rouge plant in Michigan, questions how the union could even think of giving cooperation its first trial in a state as antilabor as Tennessee.

The U.A.W.'s hope is to spread unionism, but it may only be helping to relocate organized labor, pitting Northern against Southern locals. The 6,000 manufacturing jobs at Saturn may give the U.A.W. influence in the area, but the contract reserves jobs for members of the U.A.W. and specifies that only experienced workers be hired for the start-up period. As a result, a lot of the jobs will be filled by workers from up North. The union says as many as 2,000 people from the state may be taken on, but Middle Tennesseans—particularly those in Spring Hill and in counties south, where the unemployment rate reaches 19 percent—suspect they won't see any of that work. When the press asked Alexander about imported union labor, he replied that once the new workers move to the state, they too will be Tennesseans. Meanwhile, the area chapter of the Associated Builders and Contractors has recommended that its 340 members boycott the plant construction because an agreement with the A.F.L.-C.I.O. requires that workers be hired through union halls. The boycott may drive more workers into unions, or it may send construction jobs to firms out of

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state. Of course only G.M. stands to benefit from this environment, which will likely keep feeder plants nonunion and low wage. The best indication of Saturn's impact on unionization in the region may be future organizing drives at the Nissan plant in nearby Smyrna, which has resisted the U.A.W. for five years.

The union defends the cooperation philosophy, saying it recognizes that members have brains as well as backs and will improve efficiency and worker satisfaction. That's a possibility, Parker told me, but he added that the contract is bound to mean a decreased union presence on the shop floor and increased competition among workers. Within a specific production area, work units of fifteen people will be responsible for achieving schedule, budget and quality goals; maintaining safety standards; checking absenteeism; and overseeing training and equipment repairs. The units are an effort to institutionalize quality-of-work-life circles—groups of workers, or "circles," which meet regularly to resolve shop-floor problems. Several years ago Q.W.L. was touted as the secret to reinvigorating both industry and unionism in America, but recently the strategy has been attacked as inimical to labor's interests. Problem-solving discussions are usually framed as cost-benefit analyses, and the "solutions" found are invariably on the company's terms, not the workers'. A process is streamlined and a job is cut; a speed-up is self-imposed to boost output; and individual productivity is closely watched. Thus competition is intensified among circles. The company achieves voluntarily what it is too "enlightened" to compel, and what is generally forbidden by union contracts. At this month's U.A.W. convention dissidents challenged the Saturn agreement. *The New York Times* quoted Peter Kelly, president of Local 160 in Warren, Michigan, as saying it "re-instates piecework, endangers hard-won benefits and encourages workers to be informers." In spite of a rider to the contract saying that the union would not hold the Saturn arrangement as a model for other pacts, Kelly told me that similar ones have been signed at four other plants.

The work units at Saturn will reduce the number of job classifications to five, compared with an industry standard of up to one hundred. As Parker points out in *Inside the Circle*, the classification system provides an essential measure of shop-floor power, since workers can refuse to bend the rules when the company makes inordinate demands.

The job classification system can lead to bureaucracy, but its demise at the Saturn plant coincides suspiciously with a significant reduction in union oversight. Instead of up to forty-five full-time administrators, as there might be at a factory of comparable size under a conventional contract, Saturn allows for about seven. When problems arise, each administrator will have to negotiate alone with a management team. She or he will also sit on what is called a business unit, which is charged with monitoring the efficiency of the work units. Here is a concrete result of the union pledge to cooperate for company competitiveness.

Few would dispute that changes are required in U.S. auto factories or that the U.A.W. shares the responsibility for reviving the industry. All the same, it is unclear whether the

Saturn contract gives workers enough power to challenge the new method of production.

G.M. also has reason to be nervous. It needs to devise more flexible factories, but it's also got to offer more appealing products. Maryann Keller, an automotive-stock analyst in New York City, told me that in the rush to decrease the size and price of their cars, U.S. automakers have ceded flashiness and structural innovation to Japan. And as the quotas made Japanese cars relatively scarce, America became a sellers' market for them, with the Japanese making more profit per sale and steadily moving into larger, higher-priced lines. The market in cheap sub-compacts has opened up to other countries, notably South Korea and Yugoslavia. Some speculate that the Saturn will be a mid-size car after all—perhaps competing with G.M.'s other lines—and thus has been a ploy to escape Northern union agreements. Others see the uncertainty about the design as a measure of the risks Spring Hill faces. For, as described so far, the Saturn is an attempt to beat the Japanese at a game they no longer play.

As for the "ridge runners" in Spring Hill, they haven't had much say in any of these decisions. Yes, it is a grand experiment in automaking and labor relations. But as Jim Miller told the president of Saturn when he came to town last summer: "Experiments fail. Don't build a laboratory over our heads. It's our homes you're destroying." □

SPANISH ELECTIONS

Socialists—Front And Center

GABRIEL JACKSON

On June 22, Spanish voters will elect a new national Parliament. Opinion polls strongly suggest that the Socialist Party of Prime Minister Felipe González will repeat its victory of October 1982, though its majority will perhaps be reduced. This virtually universal expectation is attributable to the accomplishments of the Socialists while in office and to the lack of a viable alternative.

In the first case the González government has closed down the oldest, least efficient plants in the steel, ship-building and mining industries. It is modernizing the remaining facilities and has sold a controlling share of the nationalized automobile industry, SEAT, to Volkswagen. It has improved the management and reduced the tremendous deficits of other national industries, notably those of the railroads and the airlines. It has presided over a drastic *saneamiento* ("cleanup") of the wastefully managed banks and insurance companies. Most important, it has, at long

Gabriel Jackson, professor emeritus at the University of California, San Diego, is the author of several books on Spanish history. He now lives in Barcelona.

last, brought Spain into the European Economic Community.

The government has also been able to reduce the number of, though by no means end, the bombings and kidnappings carried out by the Basque terrorists of ETA. The cooperation of the French government, that of the autonomous Basque government and the policy of amnesty and social "reinsertion" for those who renounce ETA have all contributed to this outcome. In the area of educational reform, the LODE (for Organic Law of Education) has expanded the public school system, while continuing to subsidize the Catholic schools, and has given parents, faculty and students a voice in running the schools. The government has begun to make structural improvements in the national pension system; it has reduced the traditionally oversized military officer corps, established the principle of civilian supremacy in the military courts and taken the first steps toward eliminating all kinds of court fees, legal and illegal, which have made justice a slow and expensive process for the average Spaniard. A number of corrupt judges and police officers were recently removed from office, something that would have been unheard of during the Franco dictatorship and that the civilian governments preceding the present Socialist Cabinet were too timid to risk.

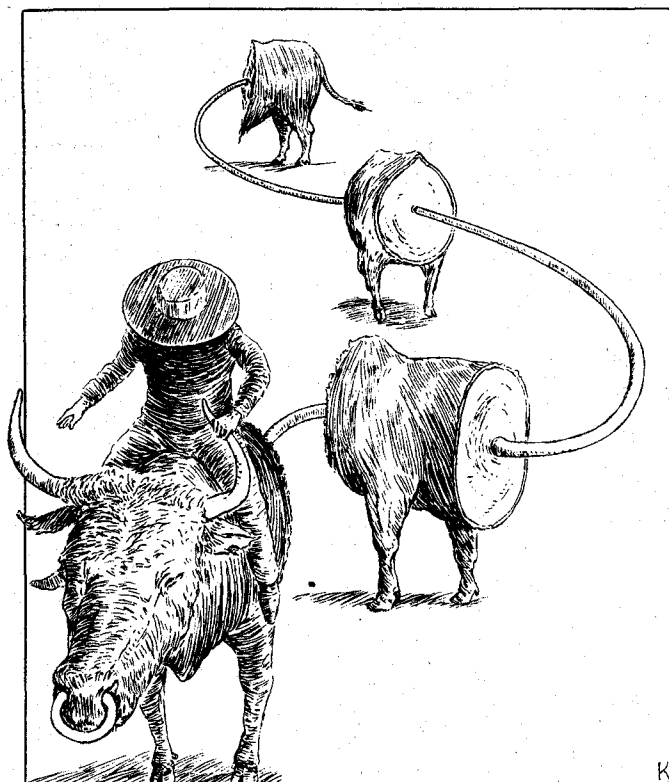
The Socialist Party's great political strength results from its skillful blending of centrist and socialist objectives. A stronger, middle-of-the-road government would have happily implemented the Socialists' Basque and economic policies. The educational, military and judicial reforms, however, could have been adopted only by a government of the left. In foreign policy, the Socialists have bitterly disappointed their own left wing by shifting from an anti-NATO posture in the 1982 campaign to the pro-NATO position that won the referendum this past March [see Jackson, "Spain's NATO Vote," *The Nation*, March 15]. They have also been unable to make progress in reducing unemployment—indeed it has increased—but most Spaniards evidently realize that joblessness is a long-term structural problem affecting the world economy, and they do not expect immediate miracles from their government. Thus, despite certain disappointments, the González government has been able to occupy the political territory normally held by the center and the moderate left.

To the right of the Socialists are two coalitions that hope to defeat the González government. One is led by Manuel Fraga Iribarne, who served as Minister of Information and Tourism and as Ambassador to Great Britain under Generalissimo Francisco Franco. As head of the Popular Alliance, the second-largest voting bloc in the Parliament, he is the official leader of the opposition. He has long supported Spanish membership in NATO, but his desire to defeat the Socialists at any cost led him to advocate abstention in the recent referendum, thereby sullyng whatever image as a "statesman" he may have attained by playing the role of a parliamentary democrat in the transition years since 1976. He offers no intelligible program of economic or civil service reform to replace that of the Socialists, and it is doubtful that he can better the 25 percent share of the vote his coalition received in 1982.

More liberal personally than Fraga and untarnished by collaboration with the Franco government is Miguel Roca Junyent, leader of the new Democratic Reformist Party (P.R.D.). His program calls for encouraging the private sector, further pruning of nationalized industries and unspecified reforms in health, education and justice. The P.R.D. coalition includes various small liberal parties, the largest being Convergence and Union, a center-right party which holds a majority in the autonomous Catalan *parlament*. In effect, Roca is claiming that his coalition would run the economy and make structural reforms more efficiently than the Socialists have. He is hindered by his long identification with the Catalan autonomy movement, a disadvantage comparable to that of a Catholic presidential candidate in the United States before the election of John Kennedy.

Rhetorically and perhaps substantively to the left of the González government is the Democratic and Social Center Party (C.D.S.) of Adolfo Suárez, who was Prime Minister in 1978 when the new democratic Constitution was adopted. Although the C.D.S. supported most of the Socialist-sponsored legislation of the past three years, it now calls for state investment to create jobs, the demilitarization of the Civil Guard, the closing of the U.S. air and naval bases, and increased European initiatives to end the bloc confrontation between NATO and the Warsaw Pact. This platform is an obvious attempt to capitalize on the disappointment many Socialist voters feel toward their party's record on foreign policy and unemployment, and perhaps also to appeal to the xenophobia cultivated by Franco that is latent in all segments of Spanish society.

To the left of Suárez and the Socialists, all is confusion. Spain now has five communist parties, three with a national



membership and two based in Catalonia. Their voting strength is negligible, and their ideological differences highly abstract and personalistic. All of these parties have however joined the United Left, the heterogeneous coalition formed to give continuing political voice to those who led the fight against Spanish membership in NATO. The coalition also includes a large faction of the General Union of Workers, the Workers' Commissions led by Marcelino Camacho, the pacifist movement, and ecology and human rights groups. The United Left's platform calls for limitations on the time individuals may hold high-level government office, demilitarization of the Civil Guard, nationalization of a sizable proportion of the banking industry, prohibition of new nuclear power plants and shutdown of those where radioactive leaks have occurred, greater access to radio and television for unions, and consultation between the unions and Parliament in drawing up laws affecting labor. The coalition is unlikely to elect more than a few deputies, but in time it may become the conscience of a Parliament that has moved steadily to the right since the Socialists came to power in December 1982. □

■ JOURNEY THROUGH MORAZÁN

The Lost People Of La Joya

JON LEE ANDERSON AND
LUCIA ANNUNZIATA

La Joya is a place that does not officially exist. It is a hamlet in the rebel-controlled zone of northern Morazán province, El Salvador. About 200 people live there, amid a patchwork of dying cornfields, mescal cactus and the remains of several strafed and bombed farmhouses. They are survivors of a massacre. On December 11, 1981, the U.S.-trained Atlacatl Battalion entered the village of Mozote and some nearby hamlets, killing more than 1,000 people. The survivors fled into the forest.

Five years later they are still in hiding, haunted by the past, pursued by fears both real and imagined. They are convinced that their relatives' killers are hunting them down to make sure they will never tell the world what happened in Mozote. As proof the army wants them dead, they say they are subjected to constant aerial attacks.

The story of the lost people of La Joya is the most dramatic example of the effects of the war on the civilian population of Morazán province. The Salvadoran govern-

ment considers northern Morazán to be a zone controlled by leftist guerrillas of the Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front. The government maintains that the few civilians left in the area are all F.M.L.N. supporters.

Recently we spent a week traveling in Morazán, talking to the people who live there. Based on what we observed, the government view is incorrect. Indeed, as a result of the general shift in the course of the six-year war, the civilian population, which had practically abandoned the area, is returning. At the same time, the guerrillas have withdrawn some of their forces and no longer claim northern Morazán as a liberated zone.

In a shaded hollow at the base of the mountains between El Salvador and Honduras, where the river called Quebrada El Mozote levels out, eight of La Joya's families live in the open air. They left their homes after the most recent bombing, on Christmas Day last year. We spoke with 27-year-old Albina del Cid, mother of seven, as she sat in a hammock strung between two trees on the river bank. She had lived there since October, she said, after the planes scored a direct hit on her house. Before that, raiding troops had burned it down several times, but she had always managed to rebuild it.

La Joya itself—what is left of it—is a forty-minute walk from the river, halfway up a bomb-scorched hill. The only sign of habitation is the wattle and daub hut that serves as the community store. The men gather there to loaf and talk, sitting on the two long wooden benches outside. An open bit of meadow under a towering tree serves as the village's plaza. After we arrived, the people still in La Joya met and chose a dozen of their members to tell us the town's story. It was the first time in five years that any of them had dared speak of the past massacre of El Mozote and the present persecution.

Amanda Martínez, 37, a mother of five, sat on a fallen tree at the edge of the grass and described how her mother, Damasa Martínez, died last July when planes strafed La Joya:

We were in the house when we saw the planes coming, and we left because they were shooting at us. We threw ourselves under a tree, but the planes were low, and the bullets hit her. She cried to me, and I went to her and put her close to me, but she was already dying. One bullet hit her in the back and another broke her right arm.

In a raid last September, Catalina Argueta lost her husband, Leonzo Zaen, when a bomb struck the corner of their house. In October and again on Christmas Day the planes rocketed and machine-gunned the village. No one was killed, but houses were destroyed and crops burned. In November, 15-year-old José Cristino Sanchez went to the town of Joateca to sell some mescal rope. A woman who accompanied him brought back the news that he had been murdered by soldiers, who then dumped his body beside the road. This was not his family's first brush with tragedy. Thirty of his relatives died in the 1981 massacre. Santos Torres, who lost four children in that slaughter, told us why he thinks the people of La Joya continue to be a target: "Our error, perhaps, is that we are poor and we live here."

Jon Lee Anderson is a reporter for Time in Central America. He is also co-author, with Scott Anderson, of Inside the League: An Exposé of the World Anticommunist League, published this month by Dodd Mead. Lucia Annunziata covers Central America for the Italian newspaper La Repubblica.

La Joya is not the only target. In other communities we visited, the inhabitants told of similar experiences. Sometimes soldiers attack them, sometimes planes and helicopters. The aircraft drop incendiaries and contact bombs, which explode when they strike the topmost branches of trees, scattering lethal wooden shrapnel.

The raids are only one example of the government's pacification campaign in northern Morazán. To prevent civilians from feeding the guerrillas, the army limits the amount of food and supplies each person can carry into the area to what is considered sufficient for his or her needs. Malnutrition is endemic and health conditions are inferior, even by the standards of poverty-stricken rural El Salvador.

"We were born here, and here we should die" is a phrase we heard repeatedly among the people who are returning to their hometowns in northern Morazán from the refugee camps south of the Torola River, which bisects the province. From the testimony of dozens of civilians living in the same communities we visited, it is evident that people who left the area in 1981 and 1982 are coming back. Many of them explain that in the city or in the refugee camps everything, even water, is difficult to obtain. Here they have a house, some chickens and a piece of land. Most of them had returned because, as one put it, "At the beginning we thought the war was going to end soon, but now it seems it will go on for a long time." Another group came back in 1984, hoping that the election of President José Napoleón Duarte would bring peace.

These people are trying to rebuild Morazán. In Perquin the school director and his wife recently reopened the school. They have asked the government to send more teachers. The children have had no schooling for five years. Now local women with only a few years' education are teaching the youngest ones how to read and write.

The people have also created town councils, elected by secret ballot. Some have been functioning for more than a year, though most of them were formed late last year. Local rebel officers say the councils are the beginning of local self-government and insist that they are independent from guerrilla organizations. Council leaders confirm this, adding that although the guerrillas had offered suggestions on how to set them up, the councils are separate from the F.M.L.N.

The civilian population regards the guerrillas with a mixture of support and suspicion. But the dominant mood is exhaustion with the war. The people resent the government for the bombings and for abandoning them. "We are not guerrillas," they say. "We are people of this land."

Several high-ranking officers of the People's Revolutionary Army (ERP), the main F.M.L.N. force in Morazán, told us the guerrillas no longer consider the area a liberated one. The strategy of "a country within the country" has been abandoned, one commander told us. "It is dangerous for the population and impossible for us to defend," he said. "We want to expand the war throughout the country." What has caused the change of tactics is the army's increased troop strength and air support. While maintaining bases in Morazán, the F.M.L.N. has deployed small mobile groups

throughout the country, shifting from the classic rural guerrilla strategy to urban warfare.

The F.M.L.N. appeared to maintain a strong presence in the area we visited. The guerrillas live in camps apart from the civilians, though they move freely through the various villages. They have their own political-military commissions, their own sources of food and medicine and their own communications network. The bombings, controls on food and the army raids seem to have been ineffectual against the rebels' small and flexible organization, which does not offer a fixed target. The only fixed targets are the civilians in the villages.

A few days after completing our tour of the countryside, we interviewed the army chief of staff, Gen. Adolfo Blandón:

Q.: Are you aware that a civilian population lives in a place known as La Joya, near Mozote?

A.: Specifically, I don't know that place.

Q.: You mean to say you didn't know people lived there?

A.: How many people do you think are in that place, approximately?

Q.: About 200, old men, women, children and adults.

A.: The terrorists use many tricks. They make a concentration in a place to attract the attention of the armed forces, then they leave the people behind precisely to cause these incidents. They try to take advantage of the situation.

We asked General Blandón about the Christmas Day bombing, which took place during a ten-day truce to which the army had agreed. Blandón could find no orders to bomb La Joya or anywhere else north of the Torola River.

"I don't think there was anything on that day," he said. "There was no reason to do that. There was no objective." □



Nerve Gas

(Continued From Front Cover)

These contain two harmless chemicals that mix after firing to form lethal nerve gas. President Reagan explained that the new weapons were needed to close a dangerous "chemical gap" and to serve as a bargaining chip in negotiations with the Russians. "The production of lethal binary chemical munitions," he said, "is essential to the national interest."

The Administration's plan to break the 1969 moratorium touched off a stormy debate in Congress. Administration supporters fought for immediate production of the new weapons, while opponents fought as vehemently against it, saying that the binaries were unreliable and unnecessary.

At first glance, poison gas seems an anachronistic weapon on a modern battlefield. Gas masks and anticontamination suits are standard equipment for most countries' armed forces, and a soldier who is suited up is practically invulnerable to chemical attack. But this protective gear is bulky, hot and confining. It restricts vision, interferes with communication and makes tasks such as operating a vehicle or firing a weapon difficult. That, says the Pentagon, is the real advantage of having chemical weapons. If the Russians were free to use gas against NATO forces without fear of retaliation, their troops would be able to operate unencumbered, while NATO forces would be weighed down by the clumsy suits. To eliminate the advantage, says Thomas Dashiell, the Defense Department's director of environmental and life sciences, the United States must be prepared to retaliate in kind. "Retaliation with chemicals," Dashiell points out, "would force an attacker to operate encumbered with protective equipment, causing severe degradation to his operations, an effect which no other retaliatory action can impose." (No thought is given to civilians, who would of course have no protective clothing.)

Opponents of the binary program countered that the United States already has enough chemical weapons left over from the 1960s to serve this purpose. As Representative Bob Edgar argues, the United States has some 2 million chemical rounds in storage. "Our current chemical weapons stockpile," Edgar says, "is certainly adequate for our defense." One study, by the American Chemical Association, concluded that the United States has sufficient nerve gas on hand to kill everyone on earth 5,000 times; another, prepared for the Carter Administration, pointed out that the United States has enough gas stored in Europe for thirty days of continuous chemical bombardment—"more than enough to deter Soviet first use of such weapons," according to Senator Gary Hart.

When opponents began to ask why the United States should shell out more than \$2 billion to replace a usable unitary gas arsenal, the Pentagon replied that the existing

stockpile consisted of "old, untested and decomposing artillery shells," many of which were leaking gas. The Pentagon's claim, however, played loose with the facts. Last year the Chemical Warfare Review Commission, appointed by the President under a mandate from Congress to assess the chemical arsenal's state of readiness, determined that current supplies were still serviceable and would remain so into the 1990s. "The number of artillery rounds in which leakage has been found," the commission reported "is infinitesimal, amounting to 6 per 10,000 artillery rounds."

In addition, the reliability of the binary weapons is dubious. The Bigeye aerial bomb has been on the drawing boards for more than twenty years and still doesn't work. During one test drop in 1982, the bomb malfunctioned, producing, in Pentagon parlance, "a forcible ejection of the internal bomb components." That is, it blew up. In 1984 the Army twice withdrew its requests for Bigeye funds after production problems surfaced. Last year its request was denied after a General Accounting Office study reported that the bomb had failed eight of its last nine tests.

The binary program is also full of diplomatic glitches. Stockpiles of the gas must be maintained in Europe so as to be readily available in the event of a Soviet invasion. But the NATO countries went through considerable domestic turmoil over the deployment of American cruise and Pershing II missiles in 1983, and they want no part of another American weapons program. Since then every NATO country except Britain has announced that it would not permit the storage of binary weapons on its territory. In May 1985, a panel of NATO defense ministers rejected U.S. plans for chemical rearmament and called for a ban on all chemical warfare technology.

Finally, the Pentagon has repeatedly failed to convince legislators that the production of binaries is vital to national security. Congress denied a request for production funds in 1982. The Pentagon renewed its request the following year, despite a May 1983 G.A.O. report that questioned the need for new gas weapons. A vote in the Senate on a request to authorize the release of funds for the binary resulted in a 49-to-49 tie, and Vice President Bush cast the deciding vote in favor of the measure. The House, though, rejected the bill 216 to 202, and it looked as though the binary program had been dealt another setback.

That situation changed only a few months later, however, after the downing of Korean Air Lines Flight 007 over Sakhalin Island touched off a wave of anti-Soviet sentiment in the United States. The House, not wanting to be branded "soft" on the Russians, reversed itself and voted 266 to 152 to authorize the release of funds.

Even then the Pentagon's battle was only half won. Congress had agreed only to authorize the release of the money; it had not appropriated it. That November, Vice President Bush again broke a tie in the Senate, on a bill authorizing an appropriation for chemical weapons production. But the House rejected the proposal.

Last year the Chemical Warfare Review Commission,

Lenny Flank Jr., a freelance writer from Pennsylvania, is currently researching a book on the chemical and biological arms race.

which had been set up to settle the binary question once and for all, issued its report. Although it determined that current chemical weapons stocks were usable, it recommended that Congress fund the binary system. The commission's findings drew immediate criticism from opponents of the weapons. Representative Edgar dismissed the report as "nothing more than a simple-minded repackaging of long-standing Department of Defense arguments." Senator Hart charged that Reagan had selected a biased commission, pointing out that its staff had been recruited from the Army Chemical Warfare Corps. Representatives Dante Fascell and John Porter had asked President Reagan to appoint former Representative Ed Bethune, an outspoken critic of the binary program, to the commission, but their request had been refused. Fascell concluded, "It is now clear that the commission was set up with one purpose in mind: to rescue a defense program in trouble with Congress."

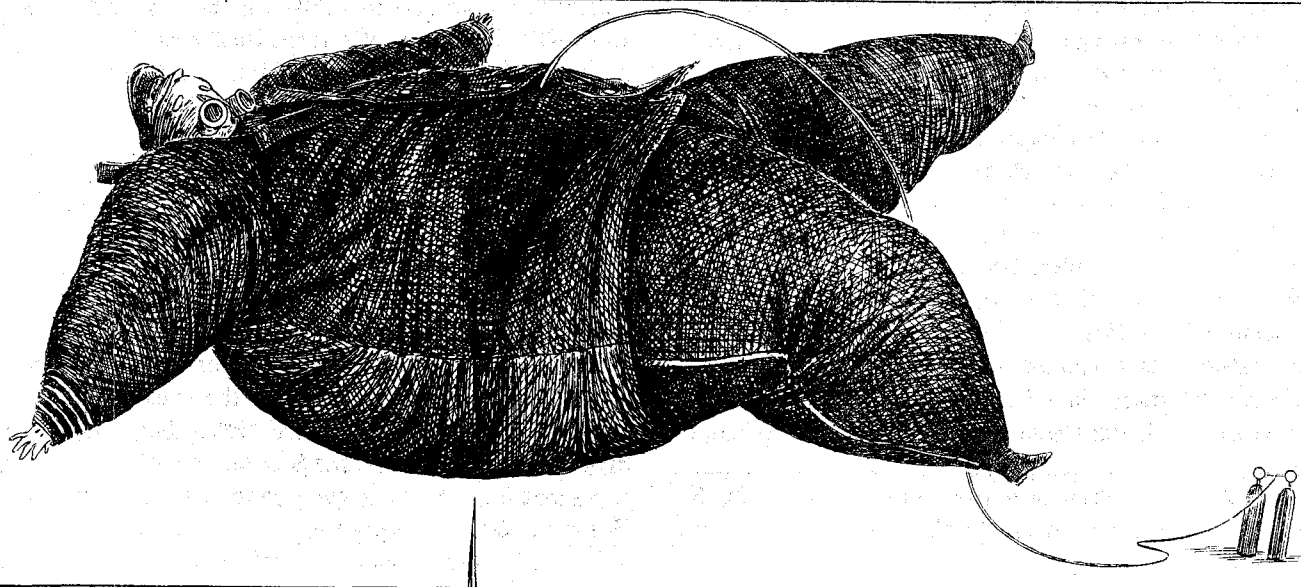
Encouraged by the commission's report, the Pentagon submitted a request for \$164 million to begin production of binaries. This time the House agreed to appropriate the money but placed several restrictions on its use. None of the money could be spent until October 1, 1986, and then only if NATO agreed to accept the deployment of the weapons in Europe. Proponents of these weapons made an attempt to weaken these restrictions by linking binary production to NATO "consultation" rather than acceptance, but the House rejected that scheme in October. Opponents believed that this stipulation would effectively kill the program.

They were wrong. In December, during the deadlock over the 1986 Defense Department appropriations bill, a last-minute compromise resurrected the binary program. In exchange for Senate acceptance of a moratorium on testing the ASAT "satellite killer" system, the House agreed to appropriate \$125.4 million for the binary program. Some \$98 million of this is to be used to construct a plant to produce Bigeye bombs, and another \$6 million is earmarked for operational testing of the weapon. The remaining \$21.7 million is allocated for start-up of the M687 GB-2 binary artillery shell.

At the insistence of the House, several conditions were added to the appropriation. None of the money could be used unless the Atlantic alliance formally agreed to a U.S. modernization. To make sure the Bigeye worked, the Defense Department had to agree to allow the G.A.O. to supervise the tests. Some milder restrictions were placed on the \$21.7 million for the artillery shells. Again, no money could be spent until October 1986, and no final assembly of munitions could take place until October 1987—and then only if "consultations" had taken place with NATO on deployment.

On May 22, NATO's Defense Planning Commission formally accepted a "force goal" allowing the development of chemical weapons by the United States, despite opposition from several members. This action ignited further controversy. Representatives Fascell and Porter pointed out that the commission's decision was meaningless, since the 1985 Congressional restrictions had specifically called for acceptance by the North Atlantic Council, NATO's highest political body. A State Department spokesperson countered that the Defense Planning Commission's decision "meets the intent" of the restrictions. This angered several members of the Senate Appropriations Committee, who fired off a letter to the President accusing the Administration of trying to "flout the Congressional directives." In a few weeks, the House will consider a proposal to appropriate \$57 million to begin production of the Bigeye chemical bomb. Undoubtedly, the controversy over whether the NATO commission's action satisfied the Congressional condition will be thrashed out on the House floor.

The Administration has demonstrated that it is not as enthusiastic about negotiating a halt to the chemical race as it is about producing new gas weapons. The bilateral negotiations between the United States and the Soviet Union that were broken off by the United States in 1980 are moribund. Despite the Administration's claim that the binaries will provide the United States with a bargaining chip, there seems to be little hope of a ban on chemical weapons in the near future. Unless Congress refuses to authorize funds for the Bigeye, the chemical arms race will spiral on. □



BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Glory-Bound Boys

TERRENCE RAFFERTY

HANDLING SIN. By Michael Malone. Little, Brown. 544 pp. \$17.95.

Handling Sin, a comic road novel that begins in a small town in North Carolina and ends up in New Orleans in the week before Easter, is like *Easy Rider* with Bob Newhart as Captain America and John Candy as his sidekick. It's about the Old South and the New South, the Old Testament and the New Testament, race relations, jazz and marriage. The story is set in the present, but the author acknowledges his debt to Cervantes, Fielding and Dickens. Michael Malone's book is a rowdy, headlong picaresque which subjects its hero, the scrupulous Raleigh Hayes, to the indignities of marines, bikers, gangsters, sleazy businessmen, nervous adulterers, a Chinese restaurant owner who stuffs cookies with dire fortunes, and to the outrages of his own family of unreliable good ol' boys and hearty, aging party girls. But the novel's structure is tight as a fitted sheet: everything gathers perfectly at the end. There's almost no way of describing this huge, ambitious novel without making it sound fatally contradictory, a crazy hodgepodge. Yet all the contradictions are there for a reason: Malone has filled his book with as many disparate elements as he could invent, with the intent of bringing every one of them together for a final jam, a one-time-only chorus of reconciliation. When this novel reaches New Orleans, saints, sinners and everyone in between come marching in, in precise formation.

This long parade of resolution, with its earthly and unearthly harmonies, is the only thing that's likely to worry anyone about *Handling Sin*, which is in most ways an obviously terrific performance: large-spirited, beautifully crafted and extremely funny. And this populist epic actually has *people* in it, dozens of them, vivid, eccentric creations who are as endearing and irritating as a houseful of relatives. Even the book's hero is a fully developed character (which isn't always the case in picaresques). Raleigh Hayes—whom Malone describes as "reliable Raleigh, hardworking Raleigh, fair-and-square

Raleigh, and in general, respectable, smart, steady, honest, punctual, decent Raleigh Hayes"—spends the first 400 or so pages doing Newhart-like slow burns and double takes at every outrageous bend on the road to New Orleans, but his straight-arrow's indignation isn't tedious. His exasperation has an explosive quality that's rather engaging and that suggests the livelier, more expansive spirit that's been buttoned into his solid-citizen disguise. Malone puts poor Raleigh through an awful lot in the course of this book, but does it with real sweetness and wit: the hero's rock-solid respectability is seen throughout as a kind of innocence, and his unsought adventures in the world outside Thermopylae, North Carolina, are like a kid's first experiences away from home, strange and unnerving and finally liberating. The best and most moving comedy in *Handling Sin* is the spectacle of this earnest middle-aged man growing up by letting himself have some fun. He's born-again to be wild.

The other major characters in *Handling Sin* are just as satisfying—deft mixtures of the representative and the weirdly individual—and they're all cleverly deployed to support Malone's immensely complicated structure. Raleigh's father, Earley Hayes, is the catalyst of the novel's action and its presiding spirit in the end. Earley's a tough old bird, a foulmouthed defrocked minister who escapes the heart unit of Thermopylae's hospital with a young black woman in tow, leaving his anxious son with a bizarre, apparently random set of tasks to perform and with instructions to meet him in New Orleans two weeks hence. (The errands, of course, turn out not to be arbitrary at all: in the course of Raleigh's wild-goose chase, he assembles all the materials necessary for his father's redemption for past sins.) Aura Hayes, Raleigh's wife, is something like the conscience of the book: she's effortlessly sane, has a great sense of humor (she spends most of the novel laughing, affectionately, at her husband's rigidity), likes sex and winds up running for mayor of Thermopylae on a peace platform. And Raleigh's companion on the road, his boyhood friend and next-door neighbor Mingo Sheffield, is the most

benign possible metaphor for the modern South, and the embodiment of a different kind of innocence from Raleigh's. Fat, friendly Mingo devotes his two weeks on the road to cramming every sort of junk food into his already burdened stomach, filling his bags with cheesy souvenirs, making friends with thugs, pregnant runaways, nuns, strangers in hotel lobbies. He's a happy, indiscriminate demon of consumption, and by the end of *Handling Sin* he's as likable and overstuffed as the novel itself.

The problem with *Handling Sin* is, perhaps, the most forgivable one a novel can have: even this maximum-capacity structure can't quite contain everything the author tries to fit into it. Throughout Malone's dazzling display of caricature and high-energy farce in his account of Raleigh's journey from Thermopylae to New Orleans, we've been picking up, like bugs on a windshield, hints of loftier purpose. The contrast between the anachronistic charm and civility of Charleston (where Raleigh stumbles into some wonderful *Tom Jones*-style bedroom chaos in an inn) and the gleaming businessman's paradise of modern Atlanta (where he finds himself involved in a duel and a frantic chase through an amusement park dominated by mammoth sculptures of Jefferson Davis, Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee carved out of a mountain) seems to mean something, and so does the novel's increasing emphasis on music and race. It may occur to us somewhere along the way that Raleigh Hayes's roller-coaster tour of the South is also a lesson in moral geography, a blackboard sketch of the contours of that rich and contradictory region; that Malone, in the shadow of his own great confederates, Cervantes, Fielding and Dickens, has undertaken the task of completing the unfinished business of Reconstruction in his imagination. He sees his native region as a paradise lost, and his fellow Southerners as a people whose virtues—grace, courage and a boundless appetite for living—have been spoiled by the original sin of racism. And the sin is to be redeemed, in this novel, by jazz: the common ground of blacks and whites, a traditional music that's bent on keeping itself new, refreshing itself every time a player picks up his instrument and blows his own experience through it.

So by the time Raleigh and his encouragement get to New Orleans—that overflowing jambalaya of music, Christianity, Old South beauty and the pleasures of the flesh—and form an ensemble with his father and the black woman named Billie, Malone's got a fair amount of symbolic luggage to unpack. He gets right to it. When his players assemble on the stage of a nightclub called The Cave, the first song they perform is a resonant standard: "Way down yonder in New Orleans/In the land of dreamy dreams/There's a garden of Eden . . ." In the scene that follows, as song follows song, family members reunite, whites and blacks pick up cues from one another and harmonize, and all the players surpass themselves in the making of a wild but elegant music—we should feel, at the end of this long and eventful trip, as if we'd died and gone to heaven. What we feel, regretfully, is that the novel's died, and remained on earth. Maybe it's unfair to be disappointed when Malone slides from high comedy to the resolution of his more serious themes, but after the exuberant riffs of the road portions of *Handling Sin*, we can't help feeling let down that he's returned to the melody at the end and is playing it straight: it sounds too familiar now. Malone's grand and lovely design has served him splendidly as a background for his improvisations, a tune drifting in and out among the exhilarating clusters of notes, deepening their tones. But in the end his attempt at synthesis doesn't quite come off, perhaps because he's finally too respectful of his elders, too committed both to reconstructing the traditional novel of Cervantes, Fielding and Dickens—which included, along with its rambunctious invention and variety, a good measure of didacticism—and to redeeming the debased religious heritage of the South by reaching a new, more forgiving kind of sermon, one that, for once, doesn't end anybody to hell.

A sermon is a sermon, though, and people—as Malone clearly knows—are fussy and impatient: we know what we're hearing is good for us, but we're still squirming in our seats, thinking about what we're going to eat after the service. We're so self-contradictory that we can admire and agree with what Malone is saying and yet regret that he has to say it, that he won't let us reconstruct his vision for ourselves out of the brilliant characters and situations he's

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created. *Handling Sin* is never a bad trip, but a mysterious, rueful feeling—something like Captain America's cryptic "We blew it" in *Easy Rider*—hangs over us at the end. The author

seems to have turned, helplessly, into a kind of father and the readers into children, and the generations remain—in their strange, probably inevitable way—apart, not quite reconciled. □

ruptus; through publication the process is completed, the other is reached, a situation of give-and-take is established, metaphysical osmosis takes place, as in complete intercourse.

Sexual Healing

FRED PFEIL

THE AMBASSADOR. By André Brink. Summit. 288 pp. \$16.95.

WRITING IN A STATE OF SIEGE: Essays on Politics and Literature. By André Brink. Summit. 256 pp. Paper \$8.95.

In the introduction to his volume of collected essays and addresses, *Writing in a State of Siege: Essays on Politics and Literature*, Afrikaner novelist André Brink recapitulates the personal history that brought him, with J.M. Coetzee and Breyton Breytenbach, to the forefront of the anti-apartheid movement within Afrikaner literature and letters. It is in almost every way an admirable, even heroic history of passage from an only slightly troubled acceptance of apartheid culture to a commitment to fight as an Afrikaner for a genuinely multiracial society in South Africa. Yet my respect for that passage and Brink's present stance coincides with an equally strong conviction that as a writer and intellectual, he leaves a lot to be desired.

Harsh words, I know: but just listen to this language, from Brink's summing up in that introduction:

Ever since my return [to South Africa from Paris, in 1968] I have been involved, and ever more deeply involved, in what is happening in this country. I have made enemies; I have made wonderful new friends. I cherish especially those friendships across the artificial barriers of race, which have grown and deepened over the years. It has not been easy.

And so on—language so blandly benign, so odorlessly decent, that it seems to have been hastily glued together for an after-dinner speech.

Such drably earnest expressions of laudable commitment recur throughout

Writing in a State of Siege, as we are told again and again that writers have a responsibility to language, to their own deepest truths and to society, which must not censor them, and that all these precepts are especially worthy of observance in South Africa today. To all of which I raise my glass, and check my watch for the time. But when Brink reaches for a more gorgeously tuneful rhetoric with which to depart from his gray-ground bass, I look for the nearest exit:

Deep inside him [i.e., the writer] he apprehends a welter and a whorl of truth, a great confounding darkness which he shapes into a word; surrounding him is the light of freedom into which his word is sent like a dove from the ark. In this way, through the act of writing, truth and liberty communicate.

Or, if this high flight is not quite purple enough to make you squirm, consider the result when Brink turns to heterosexual intercourse, his most favored conceit for the complementary acts of writing and reading:

The 'worthy' literary text invites the reader to the total involvement of a love-relationship: not a simple one-night stand, but the immersion of the self in the other in order that both may emerge from it more aware of their joint and several profundity and complexity. The text is a fully emancipated person, not a mindless little creature ready to fall back and open up. Her challenge is not the token resistance of the whore, but that of the integrated personality which yields neither to gentle persuasion nor to force but makes her own responsible decision about sharing only when the challenge from the other side is worthy of such commitment.

...

Because of the intensity of the communication involved [in literature] a certain resemblance with the sexual act becomes inevitable: the writing as such offers an important release and a discovery of self, which suggests masturbation or some form of coitus inter-

In each of these three samples there is a certain unintentional comedy: the writer's ability to turn whorls into words into doves sounds more like a magic trick than a profound truth, while our inclination to chide the banal male heterosexism implicit in the second and third examples is somewhat mitigated by the dumb fun of thinking their images through to half-life. You may have read or heard about subliminal seductions practiced in advertisements, the writhing couples in the ice cubes, etc.; now, thanks to Brink, we see that the very novels we hold in our hands are beds whose sheets are stained with the author's wanking, even though, perennially fresh, he is still there, ready for a roll with us. Or is the book the woman we and the author slide around with? The question is, as we say these days, undecidable—but fun to deliberate nonetheless.

Such strained metaphors, at once outrageous and banal, do in any case suggest the primacy of sex in Brink's novels, where it frequently operates as the moment of political and existential truth. In *Looking on Darkness* (1974), the first Afrikaner novel ever banned by the South African regime, the possibilities for living beyond the mutilations of apartheid are encoded in the forbidden love of a "colored" actor and a white woman. Similarly, in his most celebrated novel, *A Chain of Voices* (1982), Brink arranges the last-minute redemption of a doomed slave revolt by having Galant, the Heathcliffian leader of the slaves, and the Master's wife, Hester, consummate their long-denied love. This emphasis on "sexual healing" does tend to slide the novels' centers of interest away from politics, toward pot-boiling melodrama. Yet we should probably not underestimate the tonic effect of breaking the sexual taboos of Afrikaner culture, nor the degree to which Brink's vision of miscegenation as transcendence carries his hope that the Afrikaner might accept his fullest identity as an African with other Africans, black and white.

Still there remain some good reasons to be suspicious about this view of sex as salvation—and *The Ambassador*, Brink's most recent publication in this country, makes clearer than ever what

Fred Pfeil is the author of *Goodman 2020* (Indiana University Press) and co-editor of *The Year Left* (Verso).

the political and literary limits of such a view are. But not, as Summit Books would have you believe, because it is his newest novel; in fact, *The Ambassador* is Brink's translation of his first novel, *Die Ambassadeur* (1963), available in England as *File on a Diplomat* since 1964. Unaware of Summit's unconscionable mislabeling, fans of Brink's other novels will have no way of knowing they are reading a novel whose composition predates the political conversion Brink describes in the opening pages of *Writing in a State of Siege*, and so may well surmise that in his most recent writing Brink has turned his back on the freedom struggles in his country.

The Ambassador sets forth Brink's vision of sexual-existential liberation with nary a nod toward any political considerations. The central event of the novel is the arrival at truth and grace of one Paul van Heerden, South African ambassador to France, whose affair with the ineluctable street gamin Nicolette cracks the mold of his arid official life. We hear of van Heerden's metamorphosis through a variety of viewpoints, beginning with that of the embassy's third secretary, Stephen Keyter, a sad, petty demon of ambition and poured sexuality, and spreading outward to include the Ambassador, Nicolette and the author's limited omniscience. Keyter, in a self-righteous, pitiful rage, denounces the Ambassador to the home government; Nicolette dances the Ambassador through an exhaustive series of sexual, emotional and theological initiation rites; the Ambassador's empty marriage dissolves, his career is in jeopardy; but finally Keyter kills himself in a fit of Dostoyevskian remorse, the ever-mysterious Nicolette vanishes in the mysterious vortex of Paris and the Ambassador is left to face his future with paradigmatically empty hands.

The epigraph to *The Ambassador* is from Lawrence Durrell: "Love is a form of metaphysical inquiry." And nearly every page in this young man's novel strains to that lofty goal. Yet the more Brink's language and characters seek the Real, the more artificial and unconvincing both they and that Real become, and the more the novel's dramatic action sags into pretentious commentary:

Floor upon floor, building upon building, block upon block—it sud-

denly became a terrifying thought—all those similar doors, similar windows. And God, all those people inside, teeming, squirming, breeding. In Imperial Rome, in long-lost Babylon, there had already been buildings and cities like this. And still it was going on: people moving and talking and eating and copulating. Generation after generation, sex, sex.

Through her I return to the past and call up all the possibilities left unfulfilled; through her I am forced back into myself, ever more deeply, in the hopeless hope that in the end it will lead me to *her*. When I think of her, she is a myth, a fairytale; she is Héloïse, Francesca da Rimini, Pasiphaë. . . . All this I must add up, trying to solve her equation, to find a solution for her *x*. But when all is said and done, what remains is, simply, *she*—known, unknown, unknowable.

The first of these quotes comes from Keyter's point of view, the second from the Ambassador's; but their attribution hardly matters. Every major character in the novel has his or her bit to add to its long sermon on the swirling truth that is Paris, that is Nicolette, that is life.

Yet more distressing than the novel's turgid repetitiveness and blocky pretension is the cheap Oedipal-romantic sentiment at the heart of *The Ambassador's* "metaphysical" vision. The mesmerizing, unfathomable Nicolette around whom both Keyter and the Ambassador buzz is the mystery of womanhood incarnate—carnal, damned, holy, sublime. So, as Keyter and the Ambassador look on, Nicolette flings herself away in intense promiscuous sex, then takes off for an equally fervent experience at the Cathedral of Notre Dame, after which it's off to a seedy nightclub to perform, gimlet-eyed, a shabby striptease. Both Brink and his two main male characters spend a great deal of time and language trying to capture her mysterious essence, but without success: not, as they believe, because she is so ineffably real, but rather because she is so pathetically imaginary. Reading *The Ambassador* after Brink's subsequent novels, one realizes that this phantasmic adolescent vision of Woman as mystery and sex as quest everywhere underpins and undermines Brink's political stance, even in *Writing in a State of Siege*; and that such a fantasy is in the long run hardly conducive to either good writing or good politics. □



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Up Against the Wailing Wall

ARTHUR HERTZBERG

JERUSALEM, JERUSALEM. *By Lesley Hazleton. Atlantic Monthly Press. 243 pp. \$16.95.*

After a first reading of Lesley Hazleton's book I concluded that there was no literary or analytic need for her to record, every twenty pages or so, the tale of another of her amours in Jerusalem. (Even Simone de Beauvoir wound up looking foolish when she "told all.") There is also no point in her having disguised some names and details. As she herself attests, Jerusalem is a very small town, where everyone knows everyone else in the liberal circle of journalists, writers and intellectuals which is her world. On second reading, I felt I had missed the point—and that so had she. Sex is, indeed, a necessary part of her story, but that story is not quite the one she thinks she is telling.

This is not a book about Jerusalem. Such a book cannot be written, because there are too many Jerusalems, all of them jostling or at war with one another in incandescence and rage. Hazleton's memoir is instead the best account thus far of the passionate ambivalence about Jerusalem that affects and afflicts a number of Westerners.

In part, Hazleton wishes Jerusalem were the center of a liberal, democratic Israel that behaved like Scandinavia. She even quotes approvingly Meron Benvenisti's suggestion that the Law of Return, which specifies that any Jew has the right to claim Israeli citizenship, be repealed so that Israel might become a "normal country." But she does not really mean this. Her passion for Jerusalem exists precisely because that city is unique and abnormal. There, even pugnaciously secular Jews, like Hazleton and one of her lovers, who make a point of frying bacon on a Sabbath morning next to a synagogue, are caught in the irresistible pull and mystery of their Jewishness. She cannot bear to say farewell to Jerusalem, and leave either for her native London or for New York, precisely because in London and New York the bacon in her pan would not

challenge and be challenged by the sounds of prayer from the adjacent synagogue.

So it is with sex. In Jerusalem, where the prophets once cried out against the daughters of Israel who copulated "under every leafy tree," sexual permissiveness is a different matter than in London or New York. Perhaps Hazleton has to describe making love outdoors, in the most famous piece of sculpture in the children's garden, because in Jerusalem, she seems to feel, without quite knowing it, that such an adventure is not tawdry or silly, as it would have been in the Prater in Vienna. In Jerusalem such conduct takes on overtones of the worship of Ishtar in the very precincts of the fuming Jewish God.

It is equally untrue that Hazleton really wants to bring about the totally secular Israeli society for which she repeatedly pleads. To be sure, the secular Jews are increasingly frightened by the growing power of Orthodox religion in Israel. These secular forces are presently engaged in guerrilla warfare with the Orthodox and are trying to keep them from block-busting their way into secular neighborhoods. Nonetheless these same defenders of secular life are horrified by Orthodox guerrilla resistance, which includes stone-throwing when cars are driven through Orthodox neighborhoods on the Sabbath. What this inconsistency means, I think, is that the secular would like to return to the situation of some twenty years ago when there was an untidy truce between the two sides and the Orthodox accepted their minority status. And yet these Israeli intelligentsia are not prepared to surrender their own claim to lead the Jewish nation; they will not surrender their insistence that the new Jewish nation must be much more than another Albania.

The secular intelligentsia are interesting and compelling, but not because they have created in Jerusalem this generation's most striking and creative Left Bank. What makes them unique is that they are plagued and tortured by all the layers of Jerusalem's past and by all the complexities of its present—and by their sense of responsibility for solving its moral problems in a way that they and the world can respect. Even as they fry bacon on Sabbath morning and worship Ishtar in children's gardens, as they proclaim

Arthur Hertzberg is professor of religion at Dartmouth College and senior research fellow at the Middle East Institute, Columbia University.

their attachment to universal ideals and their anger at Ariel Sharon and Meir Kahane, these are the secular rabbis of the always chosen people.

Of Hazleton's many ambivalences, the easiest to understand are her feelings about Israel's wars. She bears the conventional guilt of the outsider/insider, who watches friends and children of friends get killed in the Yom Kippur War, which could have been avoided, and in the war in Lebanon, which should never have been. Hazleton seems to believe that she can atone only by choosing to share the destiny of her friends—but can she, really? She went to Israel on a farewell visit, to end her connection with the country in which she had lived for thirteen years beginning when she was in her 20s. But she decided that she could not break the bond; she had to reclaim a place in today's Jerusalem, a city that is much more problematic for her than the sleepy town of twenty years ago.

Nonetheless, Hazleton is too honest a reporter to imagine that her decision to return can be equated with the decision of Israelis in her circle not to emigrate. These people may well be writers too, but they are also actors in Israel's history, while she is an observer of it. One often gets the impression from the Israeli intelligentsia that the English language has equal status with Hebrew here, but that is not so. What is said and written in Hebrew is meant for domestic consumption; it is always a political act. Those who write in English are inevitably addressing another audience—the readers of this essay about Wesley Hazleton's book, for instance. That audience may care about Israel; it may cheer or criticize its actions, and analyze its culture and society, but none of this remotely resembles the internal discussions in Israel.

This distinction is all the more true because it is not so easy to adopt someone else's biography, especially not in Israel. The typical middle-aged member of the Israeli elite, as Hazleton reports, is part of a club that began in youth movements and in kibbutz experiences; these relationships have continued through the country's wars. These people cannot leave Israel, for they have only one identity. No one who has a foreign passport and an alternate identity in London or New York can really join them.

So Hazleton remains with her dilemma. What she seems to have achieved in the last two decades is to have become

not an Israeli but a classic Diaspora Jew. She now feels marginal in the land of her birth, England; in the capital of English-language journalism, New York—and even in Jerusalem. □

ART.

ARTHUR C. DANTO

Dürer and the Art of Nuremberg

The museum of fine arts as we know it today has two architectural roots in the princely habitations of the Renaissance, the *museo* and the *galleria*. The *museo* was a space of wonders—what the Germans called a *Wunderkammer*—which housed objects rare and magical. There would be works of great virtuosity exercised on materials of corresponding preciousness, as well as natural objects believed to possess benign or dangerous powers: narwhal or walrus tusks, rhinoceros horns, crystals, nautilus shells and, oddly enough, coconuts. There might be stuffed birds and animals from exotic climates and flamboyant minerals, as well as figurines, sometimes sacred, and small paintings, often of family members. The paintings would be defined by that mysterious luminosity for which jewels or gold is cherished: things with their own light. Outside, in the *galleria*, would be tableaux, hangings and pieces of statuary too large to be picked up and studied.

There is a natural difference in scale between *museo* and *galleria* objects, and there is also an extreme difference between the experience of being closeted in a dark space with things rare and potent and that of promenading past works whose intensity is dissipated by the natural outdoor light. *Museo* objects are to be pored over and touched, *galleria* objects are to be paused before and looked at. That paintings were to be enclosed with things of secret potency and magic usage connects them with some very ancient beliefs about the power of images themselves, which capture and hold a reality as the jewel captures and holds its flame, rather than merely replicating it. The works ranged along the *galleria* walls doubtless derive their aura from kinship with the wonderworks of the *museo*, but the *galleria* is an open space, with an esthetics at odds with the protocol of the *museo*,

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and belongs to the stroller rather than the sorcerer. It is a place of pleasure and distraction, and it is the esthetics of the *galleria* that defines our attitude toward art today, even if the concept of art retains components that are intelligible only given assumptions that apply to the *museo*.

A GUIDE TO FORGETTING

Give me back the old attic.
—Lewis Thomas

What is not made of words should go first: a boy's shadow falling beside him as he falls, stones so mixed in composition they are smooth, nameless; the baby's tongue, music . . . Next, turn to the elements, beginning with your collection of star charts. As they burn you may watch the sky darken like a city at night when the power fails. Forget the city and every wrong it has done you. Drag down the numbered files of your losses and insults, the heavy small-print volumes of doubt. Store them in a room you will never revisit. Melt down the key. Forget your body, limb by limb, each strength, weakness, leaving the brain for last. It will resist. Language is also difficult, but patience—one by one the words fall away, like feathers from a dying bird. You may be tempted to save a few favorites—*pulley*, for example, or *tangerine*; pretend they are children, let them go. Lastly, choose one face above all others, whose eyes you most wish to carry into eternity. Scribble it over with black crayon. There. You should have nothing left but a sleek desire, frictionless, not a mote of dust to impede it, powerful enough to call God out of His endless meeting to sit down face to face, get things straight once and for all, forever. Forget this desire.

Jeffrey Skinner

The *galleria* is said to be derived from the ideas of the Italian architect Sebastiano Serlio, in the early sixteenth century. One of the earliest of the galleries is the Uffizi (from about 1580), and though it came to be the architectural format for museum display down to our time—the Guggenheim Museum is a gallery coiled around its own center—the protocols of the gallery cannot be said to have penetrated very deeply into the consciousness of Northern Europe during its brief Renaissance, and its art belongs primarily in the *museo*. But since we have adopted the *galleria* stance in looking at art, there is an initial obstacle to appreciating the remarkable works exhibited until June 22 in the Lehman Wing of the Metropolitan Museum, in "Gothic and Renaissance Art in Nuremberg: 1300-1550." These extraordinary and intricate objects are Gothic in spirit and intention, even if the later ones are transradiated by certain Renaissance ideas brought back by Albrecht Dürer from his excursions to Venice. Dürer's Gothicism was deep and ineradicable, despite his humanistic ambitions, and since it was disseminated back into Italy through his engravings and woodcuts, it can be argued that Dürer succeeded in swamping the Renaissance by giving rise to Mannerism. Mannerism appropriated the extravagance of Gothic invention, which is at home in the *museo* in the form of goldsmiths' fantasies, and gave it a place in the *galleria*, where it seems grotesque and out of place. In any case, if you are to get much out of this singular exhibition, you must leave your *galleria* attitudes behind and confront what you see with those of the *Wunderkammer*—as objects animated by mystic forces and arcane powers whose makers were magicians and wonderworkers.

Consider, for example, the Holzschuher Goblet, done before 1540 by Peter Flötner, a man of demonic invention. It is a richly carved coconut mounted in an elaborate gilded silver framework, and one must reflect on how much modern knowledge and modern attitude must be erased in order to contemplate a coconut as something marvelous and unaccountable, mysteriously present in a world that has nothing to compare with it, and doubtless possessed of unimagined virtues. Flötner has given it a heavily twisted, vinelike stem, a speculation on what a coconut plant would look like in order to be consistent with its extraordinary fruit: it would

have been disillusioning to learn that coconuts grow in clustered profusion and that their greatest value is as a source of cooking fat. Part of the power ascribed to the fruit may be inferred from the riotous and licentious imagery with which Flötner has brightened the goblet. The base is a kind of mound where two goats are fornicating. On the other side, a satyr is snoozing off the effect of wine, as implied by the flagon; and the basket of exquisitely wrought grapes elsewhere on the base. He has a terrific golden erection, which is being grasped by a smiling nymph "taking things in her own hands" (*in die Hand nehmen*) which may be construed as a witty piece of advice to the bride whose husband may have drunk too heartily from the Holzschuher Goblet at the wedding feast. Behind the satyr is a woman pretending to be modest but peering over her veil at the goats, who show the way the little naked boy holding the family shield, is to be brought into the world. It is a very Dionysian scene there on the base, and we are not surprised to see a bloated Bacchus being wheeled by celebrants carved onto the shell, or a gilt satyr pouring wine down the gullet of a tubby drunkard, the two forming the handle of the lid. The classical references to nymphs and satyrs are clearly of Renaissance origin. The instructive catalogue informs us that the drunk Silenus comes from an engraving by Andrea Mantegna, which Dürer copied and Flötner got from Dürer. Still, it is a goblet. It connotes potions and philters. The coconut was said to detect poison the sixteenth century's agent of terrorism. The humanistic iconography is fused with Gothic superstition and Nuremberg practicality—after all, you were intended to drink out of it, on appropriate occasions. Its habitat is the treasure chamber and then the bride chamber. It loses half its being in the gallery.

The Holzschuher Goblet belongs in the company of the Schlüsselfelder Ship, an amazement in precious metals from about 1503. Seventy-four tiny personages throng the deck and rigging of a galleon which resembles what Auer describes, in "Musée des Beaux Arts," as an "expensive delicate ship." Like the base of the goblet, the deck of the ship holds the whole of life: the tiny figures eat and drink, play cards, make love, meditate and read, are entertained by a fool, a pair of pipers and a drummer.

sustained by a crew of sailors and protected by a bristling cannonry. This whole society of voyagers may be lifted, deck, mast and rigging along with them, so the commodious hull can be filled with wine, which will then be poured through the dragon serving as a figure-head, by someone who grasps the two-tailed mermaid holding the ship aloft. So the Schlüsselfelder Ship, displayed together with its extravagant carrying case, belongs with the aquamaniles, which were drinking vessels in the form of unicorns or griffins, mastiffs or lions, and leaves us with the question of what these fierce shapes transmitted to the liquor poured from their muzzles? What access do we have to the imagination that fashioned a ship that houses its own wine-dark sea?

The Schlüsselfelder Ship is somewhat hakily ascribed to Albrecht Dürer the Elder, a goldsmith, Dürer's father. Dürer's father-in-law was a fabricator of ornamental table fountains that must have made perpetual motion seem like a mechanical possibility. There is here a drawing for a double goblet by Dürer himself and another of a saddle ornament dense with monsters and twined foliage. There is an astonishing goblet by Ludwig Krug which "demonstrates what direction Dürer's efforts as a goldsmith would have taken had he not become a painter, instead." Whatever he learned in Italy, however much humanistic culture he took aboard, the work of Dürer, which crowns this exhibition and makes visiting it imperative, grows almost organically out of the flagons and ewers, the masqueraded utensils, the complex metaphoric references of fountains and goblets, of steel gauntlets and reastplates bearing the images of madonnas, that defined his world as an artist and thinker. It was almost as though the decision as to which Nuremberg métier to go into was an economic choice, but that the same artistic possibilities were available in each, and we must look at the goldsmith's work as if it were a painting or at a painting as though it were a table ornament, and at both as though they were esoteric texts. Of the engravings of Hogarth, Charles Lamb wrote (getting the esthetics of *alleria* and *museo* precisely right) "Other pictures we look at—his we read." And if we are incompetent to read the goblets and inkpots, the ewers and spouting manikins, it is not clear how much we are getting out of the engravings. Dürer's personality is a

Gothic text: What are we to make of a man who portrays himself with his sidekick, Willibald Pirckheimer, strolling, as if through a gallery, in the midst of ten thousand martyrs being graphically slaughtered? His life has the mystery of his woodcuts.

Spend some time studying the engraving *Melencolia I* of 1514, a work which "amazed all who saw it," according to Vasari. The title is incised in a scroll which forms the underside of a bat's wing. Why the "I" in the title? What relationship between words and wings is implied? Nothing can be taken for granted in this work filled with polyhedrons, with rude instruments of carpentry and refined tools of mensuration—an hourglass, a balance, a bell, a matrix of numbers—and also an aged dog with crumpled ears, a scribbling putto, all surrounding a winged woman holding a compass, her fist supporting a darkly scowling head wearing a garland of oak leaves. There is a notation Dürer made that "the key signifies power, the purse riches." Keys and purse would be standard items in *Hausfrau* costumery, so if they carry allegorical meaning, what single innocent thing can there be in a work which already raises the question of the connection between melancholy and power? Panofsky, who spent a lifetime pondering Dürer, describes this work as "a spiritual self-portrait," which, if true, confirms my thought that there is a parity between the mind and work of this dark artist.

There is a ladder leading out of *Melencolia I* in one direction, a rope leading out of it in another. Perhaps the implication is that we must go outside this difficult picture to get inside it. It is one of three astonishing engravings, the other two being *Knight, Death, and Devil* of the previous year, and *Saint Jerome in His Study* of the same year. Each has an hourglass, each shows a human skull and each has a dog. Is the absence of a skull from *Melencolia I* a deep fact, supposing the three are to be read together as a tripartite text on time, death and truth? In a sense, this is a scholar's show. But it is also a scholar's art, as though the scholar in the *Wunderkammer*, pondering objects whose secrets were to be found in the flickering lights, were the primary audience and exhibited the paradigm mentality these works call for. Each of the works in the show sets up intense interpretative controversy. My sense is that the controversy is what the work is



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about, that the difficulties of interpretation define the proper experience, so that if you miss the puzzlement, you miss the work. As in the *galleria*, these are objects meant to energize the mind to contemplation rather than to please and flatter the eye.

I am struck that the high point of this exhibition, the three transcendent engravings by Dürer, should have been prints, hence works of mechanical reproduction, to use Walter Benjamin's famous phrase. I do not know who bought these engravings, but it speaks for the breadth of learning in Dürer's clientele that it should have been eager for work which condensed systems of recondite belief and required such concentrated analysis. Dürer owed his international fame to printmaking—it was primarily as a printmaker that he entered in Vasari's *Lives*—and in large measure it was to his prints that he owed his prosperity. He complained about painting from the financial point of view and might have complained about it from a metaphysical point of view as well, for he could never have had the speculative freedom in painting that he could have as a matter of course in his prints. Paintings were commissioned and so not done on speculation, as an engraving might be, and if this is so such works as *Melencolia I* or *Saint Jerome in His Study* reveal what the freed mind would do in the sixteenth century, and reveal as well the restraints otherwise invisible in the paintings.

Do not expect to make a lot of headway with this show, in which each object is so impacted with meaning. The catalogue is indispensable: each entry illuminating in an art world where we need all the help we can get. And be sure to spend some time with another legendary master, the great limewood sculptor Veit Stoss. Throughout Stoss's work, the draperies are whipped into violent folds by a wind that must, as in the Gospel of Saint John, be a metaphor for spirit, for the violent energy of things unseen. Stoss's figures are caught up in the crosswinds of spiritual intervention, their wooden skirts fly and flutter like souls desperate to flee the body, and only the martyr at peace. Saint Vitus sits calmly in his cauldron, his hands clasped in prayer, his mop of perfectly arrayed curls matching in form the instrument of his martyrdom. He is like a double goblet.

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Crossword Puzzle No. 2108

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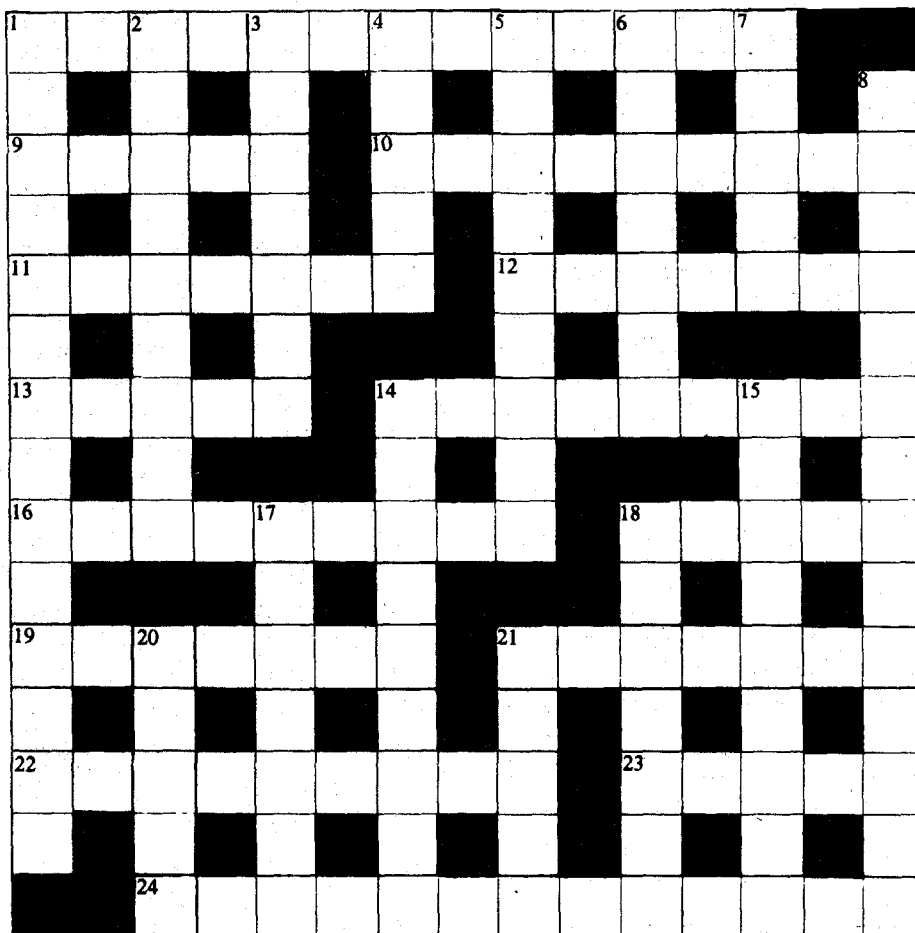
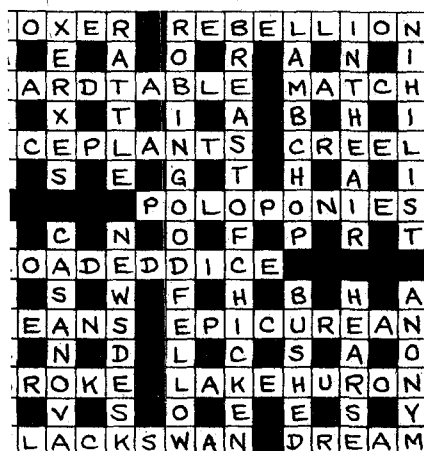
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SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2107



ACROSS

- 1 Is the working force, if only the fast set are left? (So one feels injured!) (3,2,3,5)
9 and 13 Stumbles all over 11. (5,5)
10 Not a cabin on an ocean voyage—though it might help if you need pull. (3,6)
11 Stevenson's were not always with a donkey, however. (7)
12 If you look at Paragraph "A," El Greco proves a different painter. (7)
13 See 9
14 One makes an easy victory so, with the cards not exposed. (5,4)
16 Not necessarily simple nominal expressions, though they might involve putting something down. (4,5)
18 Obviously there's room at the top for the Athenian. (5)
19 In a sense, cut and run? (7)
21 A large number to the ladies' organization implies one might not have the right amount in hand. (7)
22 The Arctic's no different—they still blunt the senses. (9)

- 23 Heath found in our country—but not with the morning. (5)
24 Make note of a couple, if you want to see what he wrote by. (6,7)

DOWN

- 1 Things that taper do hurry the conversation along! (4,2,3,5)
2 A man can't across the state line in certain circumstances—officialdom might do this to it. (4,5)
3 Rosy set out to discover those who cried "But not on us!" (7)
4 Lots of fighters make good entertainers. (5)
5 Do they involve Harvard ravings, or just measuring instruments? (9)
6 His open behavior shows how the expectant one might live. (2,5)
7 Country where the Yankee sort loses direction at last. (5)
8 If you don't expect to see the wind up, these are good places to go. (7,7)
14 Take refuge on a strange shore, and you'll find this might be on the ball! (9)
15 How some things might be ordered to show where the officer's arms might go? (2,3,4)
17 Rip down what Elsie might do up? (You might visit one some afternoon in England.) (7)
18 A U.S.A. tree variety—grave associations with it, perhaps. (7)
20 What one does with one's salary might prove a bad snare. (5)
21 Robert Preston played such a man in the movies! (5)

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